A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

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A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS

BY

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

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VOLUME II

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TO THE

Right Reverend Rector

The Faculty

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

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CONSECRATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL

SERMON PREACHED AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL ON THE FEAST OF THE ASCENSION, MAY 25, 1876.

"And the eleven disciples went into Gallilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And seeing Him, they adored; but some doubted. And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Matt. xxviii. 16-20.

ON the Feast of our Lord's ascension, 1821, this Cathedral was dedicated to Almighty God, by Archbishop Marechal, in presence of a large concourse of clergy and people; and today you have witnessed its solemn consecration. To those who would ask why so long an interval as fifty-five years should elapse between its dedication and its consecration, the best answer I can give is, that the Church, like God, is patient, because she is eternal. Though always active and expeditious, she is never in a hurry because she is destined to last forever.

The passage of Holy Scripture, which I have

taken as my text contains the last words recorded of our Saviour in St. Matthew's Gospel, before His ascension into heaven. They embody an important and marvellous prediction, namely, that Jesus Christ shall be with His Church even unto the end of the world; consequently that as long as this world shall last, the Catholic Church will be represented upon this terrestrial globe, and that she will ever be guarded and guided by Him who first established her.

The indestructibility of the Church is unparalleled in the annals of civil or ecclesiastical history. She is the only institution that has preserved her life, her vigor and her autonomy unimpaired for eighteen centuries.

The perpetuity of the Church is the more marvellous when we recall to mind, the number and the variety and the formidable character of the enemies that have been leagued against her from her birth to the present moment. She was destined to be always assailed, but conquered never. This fact of itself stamps divinity on her brow.

Go back, for instance, to the days when the cornerstone of this venerable Cathedral was laid. Those that contemplated with a human eye, without any regard to the promises of Christ, the terrible ordeal through which the Church was then passing, little imagined that she would survive to witness the consoling spectacle which greets you

here this morning. Almost the very year in which the cornerstone was laid, the Pope was exiled from his See and country. The cardinals were scattered like sheep without a shepherd. The first Napoleon was trampling on the French Episcopate with the iron heel of despotism. He threatened to create in France, a national and schismatic church, as Henry had done in England. He determined to attach the Pope as a captive or as a figure-head to his triumphal car.

Today Napoleon and his dynasty have passed away. The storm has subsided. The Bishops of France and of Europe are more firmly united than ever to the rock of Peter. And here we are peacefully witnessing the Consecration to God of this noble edifice, in the midst of an immense, enlightened, sympathizing and enthusiastic congregation, upon a spot too which was then considered as one of the outposts of civilization.

The Church has been constantly engaged in a double warfare—one foreign; the other, domestic; in foreign war against Paganism and infidelity; in domestic strife against heresy and schism fomented by her own rebellious children.

I have time to touch only lightly upon two or three of the most prominent campaigns in which the Church has been engaged.

From the day of Pentecost, when she commenced her active career, to the victory of Constantine

over Maxentius, at the Milvian Bridge, a period embracing two hundred and eighty years, the Church passed through a series of ten persecutions unequalled for atrocity, in the annals of history. Every torture that malice could invent, was resorted to, that all vestiges of christianity might be abolished. Among other favorite cruelties the christians were sown up in the skins of wild beasts, and thus exposed to be devoured by dogs. They were besmeared with pitch, and set along the paths that their burning bodies might serve as lamps to light up the Garden of Nero. And to palliate these barbarities, and to stifle every sentiment of compassion in the public breast, their persecutors accused the christians of the most appalling crimes. They were charged with being the authors of every public calamity. If the Tiber overflowed its banks; if a conflagration occurred, or an earthquake, or pestilence, or famine, the detested christian sect was held responsibile, and had to pay the penalty with their lives. And so certain was the government of Pagan Rome of having succeeded in exterminating christianity, that one of the emperors had a monument erected on which was inscribed its epitaph: *"Christiano nomine deleto,"* "To the destruction of christianity."

And yet Pagan Rome, before whose standard the mightiest nations quailed; Rome, compared

with whose extent of territory, our country is but a province, was unable to crush out the Church, or even to arrest her progress. In a short time, we see this collossal empire crumbling to pieces, and the Head of the Christian Church dispensing laws to christendom in the very city, and almost on the very spot from which the imperial Cæsars fulminated their edicts against christianity.

During the fifth and sixth centuries, the Goths and the Vandals, the Huns, Visigoths and Lombards, and other immense tribes of Barbarians came down like a torrent, from the North, invading the fairest portions of Southern Europe. They dismembered the Roman Empire, and swept away nearly every vestige of the old Roman civilization. They plundered cities, levelled churches, and left ruin and desolation everywhere. Yet though conquering for a while, they were conquered in turn by submitting to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. Thus, even as the infidel Gibbon is forced to avow, "the progress of christianity has been marked by two glorious and decisive victories: over the learned and luxurious citizens of the Roman empire, and over the warlike barbarians of Scythia and Germany, who subverted the empire and embraced the religion of the Romans."

I will not stop to dwell upon that terrible conflict in which the Church was engaged in the fourth and fifth centuries, against Arianism, Nes-

torianism and Eutichianism. Nor shall I speak of that still more terrible conflict extending from the seventh to the sixteenth centuries, against Mohammedanism which well-nigh succeeded and would have succeeded in subverting the christianity and civilization of Europe, had it not been for the vigilance of the Popes. And, if today, the cross instead of the Crescent surmounts the pinnacles of Europe, and if those nations are blessed by the healthy influences of christian civilization instead of groaning under Turkish bondage, they are indebted chiefly to the Bishops or Rome, who watched with sleepless eyes from the watch-towers of Israel over the welfare of christendom.

You are all familiar with the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century when Protestantism broke like a deluge over Northern Europe and for a moment it seemed as if nothing could withstand the impact of that shock. Whole nations were swept into the vortex of heresy. More than half of Germany; Denmark, Norway, Sweden, England and Scotland followed each other out of the Church in quick succession. Even in Catholic France the faith barely escaped extinction. Ireland, alone, of all the nations of the North, remained inviolably attached to the old religion.

Let us now calmly survey the field, after the lapse of more than three centuries, when the din

and smoke of battle have passed away. Let us examine the condition of the old Church after having been engaged in such deadly conflicts. We see her numerically stronger than she ever was in any previous period of her history. The losses she sustained in the Old World, have been compensated by her acquisitions in the new. She still exists, not a *"Magni nominis umbra,"* not the shadow of a mighty name, but in all her integrity, more compact, more united, more vigorous than ever she was before.

But mark well, my Brethren, it is not in her numbers that the Church relies, nor in her antiquity, nor in her glorious history, nor in her past victories. But the secret of her strength lies in the justice of her cause. She knows that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." She says to her opponents what Gamaliel said to the first enemies of christianity: "If this work be of God, you cannot overthrow it." It has not been overthrown: therefore it is of God.

I would now ask those that are plotting and predicting the destruction of the Church: How can you hope to overthrow an Institution which for more than eighteen centuries, has successfully resisted the combined assaults of the world, the flesh, and the powers of darkness? What means can you employ to compass her ruin?

Is it the power of Kings and Prime Ministers? They have already tried in vain to crush her, from the days of the Roman Cæsars to the present Chancellor of Germany.* Many persons labor under the erroneous impression that the crowned heads of Europe have been the unvarying bulwarks of the Church, and that she could not subsist without them. The truth is, her worst enemies have been, with some honorable exceptions, so-called christian princes. They wished to be governed by no law, but their passion and caprice. They chafed under the salutary discipline of the Church, and wished to be rid of her, because she alone in times of oppression, had the power and the courage to stand by the people. She planted herself like a wall of brass, against the encroachments of their rulers and said to them: "Thus far thou shalt go and no farther, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves" of pride. She told them, "That if the people have their obligations, they have their rights too. That if they must render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, Cæsar must render to God the things that are God's."

Is she unable to cope with modern inventions, and the progress of the nineteenth century? We are often told so. But far from hiding our heads like the ostrich in the sand, at the approach of

* The late Prince Bismark.

these inventions and discoveries, we hail them as messengers of God, and we will use them as providential instruments for the further propagation of the Gospel.

If we succeeded so well before when we had no ships but frail canoes; no compass but our eyes; when we had no roads but eternal snows, virgin forests and desert wastes; when we had no guide save faith and hope in God—if even then we succeeded so well in carrying the faith to the confines of the earth, how much more can we do now by the aid of telegraph, steamships and railroads?

The utility of modern inventions to the Church, was lately manifested in a conspicuous manner. The Pope called a Council of the Bishops of the world. Without the aid of steam, it would have been impossible for them to assemble at a given time. But by its aid they were able to meet together from the uttermost bounds of the earth.

But may not the light of the Church grow pale, and be utterly extinguished by the intellectual blaze of the nineteenth century? Has she not much to fear from literature, the arts and sciences. What has she to fear in that direction, since she has always been the patroness of learning, and the fostering mother of the arts and sciences? Without her we would be deprived today of the priceless treasures of ancient literature. It was she, as Hallam has the honesty to

testify, that built the bridge which connects the present with the past. Without her, we would know as little today of the ancient history of Greece and Rome, as we know about the pyramids of Egypt. She founded and endowed nearly all the great Universities of Europe. And as for works of art, there are more valuable artistic monuments in the single Museum of the Vatican, than are to be found in the whole United States. Her churches are not only temples of worship, but also depositories of sacred art.

Is it constitutional liberty that will destroy the Church? Give us but liberty and we are content. The Church breathes freely and expands only where true liberty is found. She is always cramped where despotism casts its dark shadow. No where does she enjoy more independence than here. No where is she more vigorous or more prosperous.

Children of the Church, fear nothing, happen what will. Christ is with His Church. Therefore she shall never fail. Cæsar on crossing the stormy Adriatic, said to the troubled oarsman: "*Quid times, Cæsarem vehis.*" Fear not, Cæsar is on board. What Cæsar said in presumption, Jesus says with truth. "O thou of little faith, why dost thou doubt?"

The Church has seen the birth of every govern-

ment of Europe, and it is not impossible that she shall also witness the death of them all and chant their requiem. She was more than fourteen hundred years old when Columbus discovered this continent, and the foundation of our glorious Republic, is to her but as yesterday.

May the God of Israel who is with His Church, be also with our beloved Republic. It is not our habit to make fulsome professions of loyalty to our country. Our devotion to her is too deep, too sincere, too sacred to be wasted away in idle declamation. We prove our loyalty not by words but by acts. But I am sure that I am expressing the sentiment of your hearts when I offer the fervent prayer, that this nation may survive to celebrate her tenth centennial and more; that as she grows in strength and years, she may grow in righteousness and wisdom, the only stable foundation of any government, and that the motto, *esto perpetua* may be fufilled in her.

Blessed be God, the vitality and growth which have characterized the history of the universal Church, have also marked the progress of the Church in the United States.

Let us contrast the condition of Catholicity in 1806 when the cornerstone of this Cathedral was laid, with its present situation after a lapse of seventy years.

In 1806, there was but one diocese in the United States, comprising the thirteen original colonies, with Bishop Carroll at its head. There was but a handful of priests scattered far and wide over this immense territory, and maintaining an unequal struggle with ignorance, vice and infidelity. A few modest chapels were planted here and there, called churches by courtesy. A few thousand souls comprised the entire Catholic population, without wealth, without influence and, what is more essential, without organization. There was scarcely a parochial school in the whole country. There were but two literary institutions to console the heart of Dr. Carroll, St. Mary's, Baltimore, and Georgetown College. These were the solitary faithful sisters, devoted daughters of the same spiritual Mother. Well could they be compared to the Mary and Martha of the Gospel. The Fathers of St. Mary's, like Mary of old, were fond of kneeling in silent prayer and meditation, at the feet of Jesus; while the sturdy fathers of Georgetown, like Martha, without neglecting the duties of Mary, served the Lord in the public ministry.

What is the present condition of the Church? We count sixty-seven Bishops, upwards of five thousand priests, six thousand five hundred churches and chapels, one thousand seven hundred Parish schools, with an aggregate attendance of

nearly half a million of pupils, and a Catholic population exceeding six millions.*

What has been already done, gives us a hopeful assurance of what will be accomplished in the future, if we are only faithful in walking in the footsteps of our sires. The Providence of God has signally aided us in the past, by wafting emigrants to our shores. It is for us now to co-operate with heaven by building up the walls of Sion whose broad foundations have been laid by our fathers.

I congratulate, you Most Reverend Father, and your faithful clergy on the great work that has been consummated today. It was eminently proper, as the early Church of America and its first Bishop figured so loyally and so conspicuously at the foundation of our Republic, that the successor of Carroll should signalize this centennial year by a solemn celebration which would redound at the same time, to the honor of God and the welfare of Fatherland. Yes, for the welfare of Fatherland; for every church that is consecrated, is not only a temple for the worship of

* At the present time (1916) the statistics of the American Church are as follows: 14 Archbishops (including 3 Cardinals), 97 Bishops, 19,572 Priests; 15,163 Churches and Chapels; 5588 Parish Schools; 85 Seminaries; 210 Colleges, 685 Academies, with an attendance of 1,504,149 pupils, and a Catholic population of 16,564,109, which is an increase of over 10,000,000 in forty years, and an average increase of over a quarter of a million a year.

God, but also a new bulwark of strength to the nation, and a new propagator of peace, happiness and civilization.

I congratulate you also, children of the laity. Your fathers longed to see this day. They see it from heaven and are glad. We cannot withhold our admiration when we contemplate your ancestors, so few in numbers, projecting and accomplishing this colossal undertaking. Truly there were giants in those days. "These were men of renown." And if they deserve much praise for undertaking so great a work, no small praise is due to you for cancelling its debt. Today, for the first time, you can say in the language of the Apostle of the Gentiles: *"Jerusalem quæ est mater nostra, libera est."* Jerusalem, our Mother is free—free from the burden of debt, which pressed upon her from her infancy. You have struck the shackles from her feet. It is fitting that the mother of free-born children of God should be made free from the bondage of debt, in this year when we are celebrating the centennial of our national independence.

What hallowed recollections cluster around this majestic Cathedral! How many sacred associations are connected with it. This Church is the spiritual focus from which have emanated the light and heat of Apostolic faith and charity to very distant parts of the country.

How many holy Bishops have received their Episcopal commission within these sacred walls. How many zealous priests have here been empowered to go forth in the power of Christ to gather together a great flock to the praise of His Holy Name. How many illustrious prelates and priests have preached in this sacred edifice within the last fifty years! How often have the voices of an England, a Hughes and a Ryder, resounded beneath this dome. That chair has been successively filled by a Marechal, a Whitfield, an Eccleston, a Kendrick and a Spalding, and when I mention them I mention the brightest constellation of names that has ever illustrated the American hierarchy.

But this church has been also the center of what might be called the organized side of the church's life. Here all the first Councils were held in the days when the National Church formed only one diocese, then only one province: and later, when it had become a collection of dioceses and provinces, whatever national councils have been held in America have been held within her sacred walls; so that not only has grace and life gone forth from this great building, but from this cathedral, as from the center of the life of the American Church, has gone forth whatever there is of purely American ecclesiastical law. This sacred edifice must be dear then to the hearts of every American

Catholic, what must it be to you, oh, Catholics of Baltimore!

I said that you have paid the debt of this Cathedral. But there remains another debt yet unpaid, and which you can liquidate only with your last breath. I refer to the everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to this Mother, for the faith she has taught your fathers, yourselves and your children.

Pay her every day this debt of your gratitude, your love and affection. Pay her the debt of your homage, your reverence, and your filial obedience.

Pay her each day, the debt of your good example. Adorn the interior of this edifice by the purity of your lives, and the splendor of your virtues.

Pay her the debt of your daily service. Take an active, personal interest in her welfare. Register this sacred vow today in your hearts, and say: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

REMINISCENCES OF THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL

REMINISCENCES OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BALTIMORE, PREACHED ON THE FIRST SUNDAY OF DECEMBER, 1905.

ON the twenty-ninth of April, 1906, the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of this Cathedral will be solemnly commemorated, and all the Prelates of the United States will be invited to honor the occasion by their presence. In celebrating this event, the name of Archbishop Carroll will naturally occupy a conspicuous place.

On the 6th of November, 1789, His Holiness, Pius VI, issued a Bull creating the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, and appointing the Rev. John Carroll the first Bishop of Baltimore, whose Episcopal jurisdiction extended over all the territory then comprised in the Federal Union.

He was consecrated by the Venerable Bishop Walmesley, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District, on the 15th of August, 1790, and soon afterwards he set out for Baltimore where he arrived

on the 7th of December. After occupying this See for a quarter of a century, he died full of years and merits, December 3, 1815, in the eighty-first year of his age.

The history of Archbishop Carroll's administration clearly shows that his appointment was not only a wise and judicious, but an especially providential one. Gifted by nature with talents of a high order, he improved and developed those talents by a long course of studies in one of the best colleges of Europe, and, even among the brilliant scholars of St. Omer's, he won a high reputation for learning.

Archbishop Carroll united in his person the triple character of an ardent patriot, a zealous prelate, and an accomplished christian gentleman. His devotion to his country's cause gained for him the confidence of the revolutionary leaders; his apostolic labors commanded the love and veneration of the faithful, and his benevolent disposition and gentle manners won the hearts of all his fellow-citizens with whom he came in contact.

Living in the midst of the Revolution, animated by its spirit, and zealous for its triumph, so strong was the trust reposed in his loyalty and judgment that he was commissioned by the Continental Congress to accompany his friend, Benjamin Franklin, his cousin, Charles Carroll and Samuel Chase on a delicate and important mission to Canada.

The Catholic religion subsists and expands under all forms of government, and adapts itself to all times and places and circumstances; and this she does without any compromise of principle, or any derogation from the supreme authority of the Church, or any shock to the individual conscience. For, while the truths of faith are eternal and immutable, the discipline of the Church is changeable, just as man himself is ever the same in his essential characteristics, while his dress varies according to the fashion of the times.

Archbishop Carroll was thoroughly conversant with the genius of our political Constitution, and with the spirit of our laws and system of government. He was therefore admirably fitted for the delicate task of adjusting the discipline of the Church to the requirements of our civil Constitution.

The calm judgment of posterity recognizes John Carroll as a providential agent in moulding the diverse elements in the United States into an organized church. He did not wish the Church to vegetate as a delicate exotic plant; he wished it to become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the soil, to grow with the growth and bloom with the development of the country, inured to its climate, braving its storms and invigorated by them, and yielding abundantly the fruits of santification.

Knowing as he did, the mischief bred by national

rivalries, his aim was that the clergy and people—no matter from what country they sprung—should be thoroughly identified with the land in which their lot was cast, that they should study its laws and political constitution, and be in harmony with its spirit; in a word, that they should become as soon as possible, assimilated to the social body in all things appertaining to the domain of civil life.

The more we study his life, the more is our admiration for this great Prelate enhanced. His "solicitude for all the churches," his anxiety to provide priests for the widely-extended missions, his personal visitation of the scattered members of his flock, his privations and fatigues, his efforts to heal dissensions, to allay disputes and to avert schisms, his earnest though well-tempered vindication of the Catholic religion against the misrepresentations of her assailants—how vividly these complex labors of the Archbishop recall the trials and vicissitudes of the Bishops of the primitive Church. Like them he worked amidst a population filled with prejudices against our holy religion—at the best fairly tolerant; at the worst violently unfriendly. The Penal Laws were enforced in his youth; he could remember when Catholicism was the proscribed religion; he had no assurance that it would not become a proscribed religion again. That at least it should have a chance in the English-speaking world was the aim of his life, and to this

end he used every advantage and gift that God had given him—birth, station and learning—but all these would have been of no avail if he had not added to them the piety of a Christian and the zeal of a holy prelate.

For this reason he was not only assiduous in the care of his own flock, but he never forgot the duties of Christian charity he owed to those who were not of the household of the faith. His social relations with the Protestant clergy and laity of Baltimore were of a most friendly and cordial character. The veneration in which he was held by all his fellow-citizens was amply attested by the uniform marks of respect exhibited toward him during his long administration and particularly by the genuine outpouring of grief and the warm tributes of affection paid to his memory at the close of his earthly career.

In surveying his life, we can truly say that John Carroll was the man for the occasion. We may with propriety apply to him the words spoken of John the Baptist: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John. This man came for a witness to bear testimony of the light."

The site selected for the new Cathedral was purchased from Governor Howard, of Revolutionary fame, whose equestrian statue adorns Mount Vernon Place in this city. His daughter, Mrs. William George Read, was a convert to the Catholic Church

and for many years a devout worshiper in the Cathedral, and a zealous member of the Sanctuary Society. The architect of the Cathedral was Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the grandfather of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Ferdinand C. Latrobe. Mr. Latrobe had also designed the old Capitol in Washington.

The corner-stone of the Cathedral was laid by Bishop Carroll on the 7th of July, 1806. We can form some idea of the Bishop's sublime courage and pious audacity, or rather, I should say, of his keen foresight and deep penetration in undertaking this gigantic work, when we take into account the slender resources at his command, and the sparseness of the population of our city. Baltimore, which today counts nearly 600,000 souls, at that date had a population of about 30,000, and the Catholic community hardly amounted to 5,000 souls.

The granite with which the church is built was brought from the quarries of Ellicott City in carts drawn by oxen. The work of construction slowly but steadily progressed till 1812, when it was interrupted by the war with England which continued from 1812 to 1815. After the close of the war, work was resumed and carried on till the completion of the building in 1821.

On the 31st day of May, 1821, the sacred edifice was dedicated by Archbishop Mareschal. About

fifty years ago the portico was constructed by Archbishop Kenrick.

On Ascension Thursday, May 25, 1876, the Cathedral was solemnly consecrated by my venerable predecessor, Archbishop Bayley. The sacristy was erected in 1879, and the building was enlarged and the new sanctuary added in 1888, during my administration.

Since its dedication in 1821, this Cathedral has been the scene of many conspicuous and historical gatherings. No church in the United States has witnessed so many consecrations of Bishops and ordinations of priests as have taken place within these walls. Six and twenty Bishops have been consecrated before this altar, and many of these Prelates have occupied a leading position among the American Hierarchy. I might mention among others, Whitfield and Eccleston of Baltimore, Fenwick of Boston, Dubois of New York, Purcell and Elder of Cincinnati, Whelan of Wheeling, Gross of Oregon, and the two Foleys, names that are enshrined in the hearts of the clergy and people of this city. Of the twenty-six Bishops that have been raised here to the Episcopal rank, I have had the privilege of consecrating ten.

Since my advent to Baltimore as your Archbishop, I have ordained one thousand two hundred and fifty-six priests, of whom five hundred and

eighty-six received Sacred Orders beneath this dome.

In this church three Prelates were invested with the insignia of cardinalitial rank. In 1895 I was delegated by His Holiness Leo XIII to confer the Biretta on his Eminence, Cardinal Satolli. Six years later, I performed a similar office in behalf of his Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli.

This venerable temple has been the great Hall of legislation for the Church of the United States. Ten Provincial Councils and three plenary or National Councils were assembled here. Most Reverend Francis Patrick Kenrick presided over the first National Council in 1852. Archbishop Spalding presided at the Second National Council in 1866, and I had the honor to preside over the Third National Council in 1884. This last Council was attended by seventy-eight Bishops and Abbots, and by the leading clergy of the country.

But this Church is not only a temple of worship for the living, it is also a mausoleum for the sacred custody of the dead. When you visit this shrine, you have a double duty to perform; you should not only adore your immortal Saviour reposing in the Tabernacle, you should also pray for the souls of the deceased Archbishops whose mortal remains are interred beneath the sanctuary. In the crypt under the high altar are deposited the ashes of

Carroll and Mareschal, of Whitfield and Eccleston, of Kenrick and Spalding.

Many of our American citizens are in the habit every year of making pilgrimages to Mount Vernon to view the spot where the Father of his Country is buried. And many a citizen of the Republic of the Church is piously drawn to this temple that he might contemplate the last resting place of the Patriarch of the American Church.

If the patriotism of the American citizen is awakened and quickened by the sight of Washington's grave, surely the zeal and devotion of the Christian ought to be stimulated when he reflects that he is standing under the roof which shelters the remains of the first Bishop of the country.

As for myself, I need not tell you that my most hallowed associations are entwined around this venerable Cathedral. Every atom of the building is sacred to me. It was in this church that I was regenerated in the waters of Baptism at the hands of the venerated Doctor White. Under its shadow I was raised to the priesthood. In this temple I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Spalding of happy memory. It was here that the insignia of Cardinalitial rank were conferred on me by a representative of Leo XIII. Here I have labored as a priest and Prelate for thirty-two years. I intend to continue to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to preach within these walls as long as God will

give me life and strength. And when my earthly career is ended, which in the course of nature and the order of Providence, is not far distant, I expect that my body will repose in this crypt beside the ashes of my illustrious predecessors, and I hope it may there remain undisturbed, if God so wills it, till the glorious dawn of Resurrection.

You are all aware that the Cathedral no longer enjoys the seclusion from the noise and din of business which she formerly possessed. Already the waves of commerce are fast approaching her, and are almost beating against her sides. Nevertheless, here she stands, lifting up her majestic and gilded dome, as a living witness to the fact that the peace of God need not be lost even amid the din of worldly traffic, for it appears to me that the presence of this temple of peace and worship, amid the sound and strife of worldly pursuits, is calculated to exert a sobering and tranquilizing effect on the bustling and feverish multiude, and a voice from the dome seems to repeat to them what Christ said to the troubled waves: "Peace, be still."

And while the eager crowd outside are worshiping at the altar of Mammon, you will always find inside some devout souls who are worshiping at the Altar of God. In my experience of over thirty years, I can hardly remember ever to have visited the Cathedral without observing at least a few

persons silently praying in some nook or recess of the sacred edifice. Like Moses who prayed effectually on the Mount while Josue and his hosts were fighting in the valley, these servants of God are drawing down blessings from Heaven on themselves and this devoted city, while their brethren are fighting the battle of life.

You will find other sanctuaries in our country more spacious than this, but you will find none that have held at one time so many illustrious Prelates. You will find other caskets more rich and ornate than this, but none in which have been set so many precious jewels of the faith. There are other cathedrals more ample than yours—many daughters there are who have outstripped the mother in majesty of size, in the number of their progeny and the accumulation of wealth. But you will find none equal to the mother in the splendor of ecclesiastical traditions. You can truly say of this mother in the words of Holy Writ: *"Multæ filiæ congregaverunt divitias, Tu supergressa es universas"*—"Many daughters have gathered wealth, thou O Mother, hast surpassed them all" in the sweet and rich memories that hang around thy sacred brow. And there are none more willing to pay this affectionate homage to the mother than the daughters themselves. The Bishops, their faithful spouses, will come from the North, from the South, from the East and West, to join with

you in rendering to her their filial reverence and love.

What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, what the Temple of Jerusalem is to the Israelite, what St. Peter's Basilica in Rome is to the faithful of the Church Universal, this Cathedral is to the American Catholic.

My brethren, you owe a double debt which I believe you will joyfully repay. You owe a debt of gratitude to your fathers in the faith, and to your fathers according to the flesh for erecting this Church with their limited numbers and resources. Should we not, therefore, try to imitate their sturdy faith and their undaunted courage?

In this sacred temple many of you received the grace of baptism. Here you have assembled to pray Sunday after Sunday. Here you have often partaken of the Banquet of the Lord. For well-nigh a century, you and your forefathers have been coming to this Cathedral to hear the Word of God. Amid the violence of party strife, amid social upheavals and political revolutions, you have listened here Sunday after Sunday to the same message of peace and love. When you entered here you felt that you breathed an atmosphere of tranquility. The same Gospel that Christ preached in the flesh, the same Decalogue that Moses gave from Mount Sinai, that is the message which was announced to you from January to

December. Be grateful for this priceless legacy left you by your fathers, and resolve to remember them in your prayers when you appear before the Altar of God. When they beheld the great sum—and it was a great sum of money in those days—which must lie upon their Cathedral Church as a debt, they must often have wondered when it would be paid. We are happy now in the thought that we have finished the work which they had the courage to undertake. The debt was long ago paid, this venerable building consecrated—"Jerusalem, our Mother, is free."

My brethren, was it not meet and just that after the difficulties and struggles of the greater part of a century, when this Cathedral came forth as a bride to meet her heavenly Bridegroom, clothed in gorgeous apparel, was it not proper that she should say to her royal Spouse—"Behold these beautiful robes with which I am adorned are all my own. They are the gift of Thy children and of mine. My heart is light, and my face is joyous, because I am not oppressed by the incubus of debt." And the Bridegroom will exclaim: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and I will dwell with you, and I will bless you as I blessed your fathers, and I will be your God, and you shall be My people."

CENTENARY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK

SERMON DELIVERED AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK, 1908.

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee." Isaiah lx.

Your Eminence, Most Reverend, Right Reverend and Reverend Fathers of the Clergy, Dearly Beloved Brethren of the Laity:

WE are honored today by the presence of his Eminence, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, and successor of St. Patrick. It is eminently becoming that this distinguished prelate should take part in these festivities, as the Cathedral and Archdiocese of New York are consecrated to St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland, and who shares with St. Paul the glorious title of Apostle of the Nations.

We are assembled here this morning to celebrate with joyful praise and thanksgiving, the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese of New York.

A retrospect of the principal personages who figured in the history of this See during the past century, would be manifestly incomplete, if no mention were made of John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, the Metropolitan, in his day, of the Bishop of New York, *and the Patriarch of the American Church.*

John Carroll was appointed the first Bishop of the American Church by Pius VII in an Apostolic Brief dated November, 1789. The See of Baltimore then embraced the whole United States.

He was consecrated in the Chapel attached to Lulworth Castle, in England, the elegant seat of Thomas Weld, Esquire. Mr. Weld had the honor of entertaining, more than once, King George III of England, and the friendship of the sovereign secured for his host religious concessions which were denied to the other Catholic gentry and nobility in those days of persecution.

On this occasion the consecrating Prelate was Dr. Walmesly, Vicar Apostolic of the London District.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Charles Plowden, an intimate friend of Dr. Carroll. Father Plowden's sermon was something in the nature of

a prophecy of the future greatness of the American Church, the daughter of the ancient Catholic Church of England, then lying almost in ruins, whose future he foresaw would be greater even than her mother's past. How truly he was animated by the spirit of prophecy is abundantly verified today by this vast young American Church, greater and more widely extended than was the mother church of England, even in the days of her glory under the Plantagenets.

We regard the selection of Bishop Carroll as a most providential event for the welfare of the American Church. For, if a Prelate of narrow views, a man out of sympathy and harmony with the genius of the new Republic had been chosen, the progress of the Catholic religion would have been seriously impeded.

It is true, the Constitution had declared that no one should be molested on account of religion; but constitutional enactments would have been a feeble barrier to stem the tide of popular and traditional prejudice, unless those enactments were justified and vindicated by the patriotic example of the chief ruler of the American Church.

The diocese of Baltimore embraced the whole territory of the United States until 1808.

In that year, by an Apostolic Brief of Pius VII, Baltimore was raised to an Archiepiscopal See, and four suffragan sees were created,—New York,

Boston, Philadelphia, and Bardstown. The Bishop selected to preside over the diocese of New York, was Right Reverend Richard Luke Concanen, of the Order of St. Dominic. The Brief which was confided to him, creating the See of New York, never reached its destination; but an authentic duplicate, issued from the Propaganda, is now preserved in the archives of the Baltimore Cathedral.

After his consecration in Rome, Bishop Concanen proceeded to Leghorn, and thence to Naples, in the hope of finding a vessel that would convey him to America. But after a brief illness, he suddenly expired in that city; and thus the first chosen leader of the people of God in this Commonwealth, was destined, like Moses, never to enter the Promised Land.

In 1814, The Right Reverend John Connolly was appointed the second Bishop of New York. The new incumbent, like his predecessor, was a member of the learned and illustrious Order of St. Dominic. Owing to the scarcity of priests, Bishop Connolly was compelled to exercise missionary duties throughout his vast diocese, which then comprised the whole State of New York and the eastern portion of New Jersey. He traversed the City of New York on foot, administering the consolations of religion to the sick and afflicted.

After an arduous episcopal career of ten years, he surrendered his soul to his Maker in 1825. As

an evidence of the esteem and veneration in which the Bishop was held by the community at large, we are informed by a contemporary daily journal, that his remains were viewed by about thirty thousand persons, who then formed nearly one-fifth of the entire population of your city.

John Dubois, the successor of Bishop Connolly, was a worthy type of those learned and zealous French priests who for three centuries after the discovery of our continent, consecrated themselves to the service of God in this hemisphere. The French clergy who came to these shores combined in a remarkable degree the virtues of priests with the highest culture, the deepest learning and the greatest refinement. Never should the American Church forget what she owes to the Church of France; nor is she likely to, since the names of her holy men are stamped upon many a river and mountain of this fair land.

They carried the torch of faith in one hand, and the torch of science in the other. As an illustration of their scientific attainments, I may observe that the charts of North America which they sent to the mother country, are regarded even at this day as marvels of topographical accuracy.

Rev. John Dubois was the founder and first president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, which has been called "the Mother of Bishops." It is a notable circumstance that his three

immediate successors in the See of New York were educated in that Institution.

On the occasion of his consecration in Baltimore, the Bishop was presented with his pectoral cross and ring by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

He labored with indefatigable zeal for sixteen years, until he was worn out by old age and infirmities. No one acquainted with his life, can deny that Bishop Dubois was not deficient in force of character, but a stronger and younger hand than his was needed to grapple with the administrative problems that confronted him in his declining years.

Archbishop Hughes was the man for the occasion. Like Archbishop Carroll, he was providentially raised up to meet the exigencies of the times. He braced the relaxing nerves of discipline. The Trustee System, admirable in itself when exercised within legitimate lines, was grossly abused, and it led to a spirit of insubordination to the ecclesiastical authorities. This evil he repressed with a firm and vigorous hand. He was also the fearless champion of Christian education; and, if today our Christian schools are so thoroughly established and developed throughout the land, this result is due, in no small measure, to the bold and timely initiative of the Archbishop of New York.

Archbishop Hughes was a Prelate of great intellectual power. James Roosevelt Bayley, my venerable predecessor, a man of close observation and large experience, and an intimate friend of the New York Prelate, informed me that he regarded Archbishop Hughes as one of the ablest minds he ever encountered. His letters to Mayor Harper, of New York, are models of literary style, and are worthy of the pen of a Junius or an Edmund Burke.

He was a man of indomitable courage. He had no sense of fear. He never paled before dangers and difficulties. He rather courted them, that he might triumph over them.

As an instance of his fearlessness, he often expressed a desire to witness a storm at sea. His wishes were gratified beyond his expectations in a voyage he made to Europe in a sailing vessel in 1839. A hurricane raged with unabated fury for twenty-four hours. While his fellow passengers were huddled together in a state of consternation, he remained on deck and exulted in the fearful conflict of the elements.

He has left an indelible impress of his words and character on this Archdiocese, and even on the country at large.

When the See of New York became vacant by the death of Archbishop Hughes in 1864, Right Reverend John McCloskey was chosen to succeed

him, and time has amply vindicated the wisdom of the choice.

The zeal and labors which have signalized his career in the diocese of Albany, and in the Archdiocese of New York, will mark a luminous and an indelible record in the history of these two Sees.

At the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, Archbishop McCloskey was a commanding figure, and was regarded as the Nestor of that venerable assembly. He preached the opening sermon of the Council, which fully sustained the reputation he had acquired as a pulpit orator. He had a rich, penetrating, well modulated voice, combined with a distinct enunciation, and a most graceful delivery. So great was the confidence which his colleagues reposed in his ripe judgment, that as far as I can recall, they invariably and cordially acquiesced in his opinions.

Clergy and faithful of New York, what sentiments of honest pride must be evoked in your hearts at the mention of these two illustrious Pontiffs, for they shed a glory not only upon this city but over the whole American Church.

Those two churchmen had each his predominant traits of character: McCloskey, meek, gentle, retiring from the world, reminds us of Moses with uplifted hands, praying on the mountain. Hughes, active, bold, vigorous, aggressive, was like Josue

fighting in the valley, armed with the Christian panoply of faith, truth and justice.

John McCloskey has the undivided distinction of being the first Cardinal ever created on American soil, and this diocese shares the glory with him. As an evidence of the Cardinal's imperturbable temper and self-control under trying circumstances, I may mention that a few moments before he was invited by the Master of Ceremonies to ascend the pulpit to deliver the opening sermon at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, a telegram was handed to him announcing the destruction of his cathedral by fire. His Eminence preached in his usual tranquil and unruffled manner. When I expressed to him the next morning my surprise at his composure after receiving such startling news, he gently replied: "The damage was done, and I could not undo it."

It is quite unnecessary in this assembly to dwell at any length on the life of the late lamented Archbishop Corrigan. His virtues and good deeds are so fresh in the memory of all of us,—of his brothers in the Episcopate, his clergy and laity, that they need no rehearsal at my hands.

Suffice it to say that he was a man of many-sided attainments, so learned in speculative theology, and yet so practical, so courtly, yet so humble, so gentle, yet so strong. He was a man of most methodical habits, never wasting a moment's time,

and was eminently conspicuous for administrative ability. In all questions affecting Canon Law and Church History, as well as the venerable traditions and usages of the Apostolic See, he was an authority and a living encyclopædia among his colleagues.

Though obliged by his exalted position to appear in the public walks of life, he courted retirement, and "his life was hidden with Christ in God."

It would ill become me to enlage here in his presence on the merits and labors of the popular Prelate who now happily presides over the destinies of this flourishing archiocese. He has taken up, and holds with a firm and prudent hand, the reins of government laid down by his illustrious predecessors. He enjoys the esteem, the confidence and affection of the clergy and laity committed to his spiritual jurisdiction.

And while "the solicitude of the Churches," and the moral and religious welfare of his own people are the primary object of his pastoral vigilance and zeal, nevertheless like a true, patriotic Prelate, he is always ready and eager to co-operate with his fellow citizens of every race and rank and religion, in advocating any measure that may redound to the material and temporal well-being of the inhabitants of this great Metropolis.

Let us now make a brief survey of the gigantic strides which this archdiocese has made during the century that has come to a close. It is only by

comparisons and contrasts that we can form an adequate estimate of this growth and expansion.

According to a primer Catholic Directory preserved in the Baltimore Cathedral archives, published in 1813, there were six priests ministering in this diocese which then, as I said, embraced the whole State of New York and a part of New Jersey. There was only one Catholic Church in the city,—old St. Peter's, and a few modest houses of worship scattered far and wide over that immense area. The Catholic population numbered about 25,000 souls. As for colleges and academies, hospitals and asylums, there were none of which any record is preserved.

What is the situation today? In the same territory there are one Archbishop and nine Bishops, including a coadjutor and an auxiliary Bishop, twenty-five hundred and thirty-six priests, upwards of fourteen hundred churches, and a Catholic population of about three millions. The whole region is now adorned with colleges, academies and schools, protectories, asylums and hospitals, and with all the appliances that religion and benevolence can devise for the alleviation of suffering humanity. New York is, today, the most flourishing See in the United States, and is second to few, if indeed to any, in the whole Catholic world.

But among the various Institutions that enrich

this Metropolitan See, there is one structure which the hierarchy and faithful contemplate with peculiar pride and exultation; there is one edifice which is your joy and your crown, and that is the majestic Cathedral in which we are now assembled.

In contributing to the erection of this Church, you have done honor to yourselves. If it is a glory for a citizen to raise a monument to the father of his country, how much greater is the privilege of erecting a monument to our Saviour and Father in Heaven?

As three kings took part in erecting Jerusalem's temple, so have three princes of the Church united in the construction of this noble edifice. Archbishop Hughes secured the ground and projected the idea; Cardinal McCloskey erected the building; and Archbishop Corrigan, re-enforced by his successor, brought the work to a happy consummation.

Nor were these great Prelates assisted in erecting this Cathedral by kings and princes, as their predecessors would have been helped in an older time; but they were helped by the Christian people, and to a great extent by the Christian poor. Westminster Abbey is a monument of the goodness of an Edward and the piety of a Henry, but this Church has sprung up out of the very hearts of thousands of the faithful who have often had to

deny themselves, and sometimes very rigorously, to assist in this good work.

You prove that you have sturdy faith as well as royal hearts. It is only earnest Faith that could conceive and erect so noble a structure as this. Heinrich Heine, the distinguished Jewish poet, after contemplating the beautiful Cathedral of Amiens, turning to a friend, said: "You may see here the difference between convictions and opinions: Opinions cannot build such Cathedrals; convictions can."

The most impressive sermon ever preached in this Church, is delivered by the Cathedral itself. It is a sermon in marble. It preaches in silent but eloquent language to the immigrant daily arriving at your harbor.

If the devout philosopher "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," surely the Christian pilgrim, in casting his eyes around him in this Church, will discover everywhere object lessons to quicken his faith, to strengthen his hope, and nourish his love for his God and Saviour.

Nor could any sermon have been the cause of so much comfort and consolation as this Cathedral has bestowed upon thousands of God's servants. To take only one example of what it must have meant—what it means even today—to the children of St. Patrick coming to these shores to see, as

almost their first sight in the New World, the cross-crowned spires of this beautiful Gothic Church so like that other most beautiful example of modern Gothic which was the last sight that greeted their eyes as the fair hills of Old Ireland faded from their view.

If we investigate the principal causes that have contributed to the growth and expansion of this Metropolitan See, we must acknowledge that under God you are chiefly indebted for this result to the tide of immigrants that for the last century has steadily flowed to your harbor.

They have come to your city, first of all, and most of all from Ireland, and in lesser numbers from the other parts of the British Isles, from the German and Austrian Empires, from France and Italy, and other portions of Catholic Europe.

But this heterogeneous and unorganized mass of Christian worshippers, however, would soon disintegrate under adverse circumstances, like a body without a spirit, and their faith would vanish into thin air, if they were not marshalled and co-ordinated, nourished and sustained by the zeal and piety of a devoted and enlightened clergy.

But although you are glad to acknowledge the fact that all nations have contributed something to the building of the Church of Christ in the City of New York, you will all agree, I am sure, with what I have just said, that whatever may be your

own ancestry, the post of honor must be assigned to the children of ever faithful Ireland. They have borne the brunt of the battle. Whatever may have been the unhappy causes that have led to the expatriation of so many of Ireland's sons and daughters from their native soil, an overruling Providence has made their exile subservient to higher and holier purposes. I can safely say that there are few cities or towns in the United States, where the Catholic religion has not been proclaimed by priests and sustained by laymen of Irish birth or descent.

When I contemplate this army of sturdy immigrants leaving their native shores of Europe and advancing towards your beautiful harbor; when I behold them assimilated with the native population, and becoming "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," when I see them contributing to the material wealth and prosperity of the country; above all, when I observe them enriching our nation with the blessings of Christian faith, and uniting with us in building up the walls of Jerusalem—when I survey this scene, the glorious vision of the Prophet Isaiah looms up before me: "Arise, be enlightened, O, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all these are gathered

together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall arise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

A word, in conclusion, to you, my Brethren, who are the heirs of the faith of your fathers. It is your sacred mission to see to it that the glorious prophecy of Isaiah shall be amply fulfilled, and that the twentieth century shall emulate the century that has closed by the growth and expansion of the Church of Christ. This result you will accomplish by co-operating with your Bishops and clergy in promoting every good work undertaken in the cause of religion and humanity.

In all union there is strength; but in the union of a Bishop with his clergy and people there is more than the strength of man, since they have been bound together and united to one another by God himself.

It is our proud boast that public law and private morality find their only true sanction and support in religion. My brethren, I exhort you to be in your own persons the proof of this fact. Let your interest in your city, in your State, in your country, show how closely patriotism is allied to religion, and how necessarily true patriotism and true love of country depend upon a true love of God.

And as you love your country, and because you love your country, take ever an abiding and vital interest in the affairs of your holy religion. Let the world know that because you are Americans you love the Catholic Church as that which you believe will ultimately be proved to be the salt which will help to keep the whole mass of the American people from decay and disintegration. Let us apply these words of the Prophet which I have taken as my text to the future of our country. She shall rise; she shall be enlightened; her light will come if only the glory of the Lord shall rise upon her.

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL
LONDON

SERMON PREACHED AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN THE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, SEPTEMBER, 1908.

"I say unto you that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. viii, ii.

Your Eminence, Most Reverend and Reverend Fathers: Beloved Brethren of the Laity:*

IT is a great honor and privilege, that members of the hierarchy of the United States should unite with their brethren of the British Isles, and of the Continent of Europe in celebrating among you this Love-Feast of the Blessed Sacrament.

I am indebted for the favor conferred on me to the kind partiality of your beloved Archbishop, whose pressing invitation I accepted as a command. And in appearing before you I am endeavoring to pay a debt of gratitude to the Archdiocese of Westminster—for, when we celebrated, some

* Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli presided at the Eucharistic Congress.

years ago, the centenary of the establishment of the American Catholic hierarchy, Cardinal Manning was worthily represented in Baltimore by one of his venerable colleagues. We earnestly hope that the occasion, so suggestive of your good will to your brethren beyond the seas, may contribute to strengthen the bond of fellowship between the clergy and people of England and of the United States.

But there are other and higher reasons than personal friendship to justify the participation by American prelates in the ceremonies of today. Though we are separated from you by an immense ocean, we are united with you, thank God, in the heritage of a common faith. We, across the Atlantic, claim, as well as you, to be the spiritual children of Gregory, Augustine and Patrick, of Alban and Venerable Bede, of Anselm and Thomas of Canterbury, of Peter and Pius; we have with you, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." Indeed, our kinship is stronger and more enduring than that which is created by flesh and blood. When I entered your cathedral this morning, I could say to you all, in the name of my countrymen, and in the language of the Apostle of the Gentiles: "We are no more strangers and foreigners, but we are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets,

Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone." This sentiment inspires me with confidence, and makes me feel at home; for, I am addressing you as brothers in the faith, and I can speak to you with all the warmth and affection of the same apostle: "My mouth is open to you," fellow-Catholics of England, "my heart is enlarged."

But we inherit not only the traditions of your christian faith; we inherit also the traditions of your civil and political freedom. The Great Charter of Liberty, which Cardinal Langton of Canterbury and the English Barons wrested from King John, on the plains of Runnymede, is the basis of our constitutional liberties. We share with you in the fruit of your victories.

We have not only a common heritage of civil and political freedom, but we also speak the same language—the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Pope and Dryden, of Tennyson and Newman. The steady growth of the Church in the English-speaking world, during the last three centuries, is truly gratifying, and may be considered phenomenal. For, whereas, in the Sixteenth Century the number of English-speaking Bishops was considerably under thirty there are now upwards of two hundred Bishops ruling dioceses where English is the prevailing language. An English-speaking hierarchy is established in England, Ire-

land and Scotland, and in the United States and Canada, the East Indies and Australia.

Moreover the Church in the United States has another bond of union with the Church in Great Britain, and that is your Catholic literature. Not to mention the classic writers of England, whose domain is as wide as the British Empire, the Catholic authors who flourished among you in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are household names among us. Our clergy and educated laity are almost as familiar as you are, with the writings of Bishop Hay, Bishop Challoner and Dr. Milner, of Alban Butler and Dr. Lingard, of Father Faber and Father Coleridge, and of the three illustrious Cardinals who have shed an unfading lustre on the Church in England by their literary labors as well as by their apostolic lives—I refer to the immortal triumviri, Wiseman, Newman and Manning.

We have not only the same language and literature, but we live under practically the same system of government. You are ruled by a constitutional monarchy; we are ruled by a constitutional republic. The head of our nation is the President; the head of your nation is the King, the son and successor of a Queen, whose long and prosperous reign will be ever memorable in the annals of England, and whose domestic virtues commanded the veneration and love of her subjects, and the

admiration of the civilized world. Though the forms of government differ in name, they are the same in their practical results. We both enjoy the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. Our respective governments hold over us the ægis of their protection without interferring with us in the exercise of our sacred functions.

This remark may be specially emphasized in regard to your colonies. I have conversed with Bishops from Canada, from Australia, New Zealand, and other possessions of the British Empire, and they were all loud in their praise of the freedom which they enjoy as prelates of the Catholic Church.

I need not dwell on the vast extent of the British territory, which embraces about ten millions of square miles, or about one-fifth of the surface of the globe, and whereas the old Roman Empire was colossal in its proportions, for it extended into Europe as far as the River Danube, into Africa as far as Mauritania, and into Asia as far as the Tigris and Euphrates. Yet, the Roman Empire formed scarcely a sixth part of the dimensions of the British dominions.

It has been justly observed that, two thousand years ago, the great Roman Empire, with its splendid system of public roads, afforded the Apostles and their immediate successors exceptional facili-

ties for traversing the provinces and announcing the Gospel to the Gentile world.

Does not the same observation apply, with still greater force, to the mighty British Empire of today? She has a commercial net work extending over oceans and continents, and should not God's ministers avail themselves of this providential agency by the propagation of the Kingdom of Christ?

Oh! my brethren of England, what a vast field is open to your zeal and activity! May your missionary sons be endowed with the apostolic spirit of Augustine, Winfrid and Patrick. May they succeed in preaching the Gospel wherever England establishes her laws. May they be as zealous in conquering souls as British statesmen are in acquiring territory. May they extend the kingdom of Christ wherever England enlarges her temporal dominion; may they erect a house of prayer wherever she builds a fort, and may they determine to plant the cross, the symbol of salvation, side by side with the banner of St. George.

And may my own dear country engage in holy emulation with England in spreading the Gospel of peace and the blessings of Christian civilization, and may apostles spring forth in America, to carry the faith into every region wherever float the stars and stripes.

I am sure that you will all agree with me, that

the sister isle has done her duty in the cause of Catholic missionary labor. Whatever have been the unhappy causes that have led to the expatriation of so many of Ireland's sons and daughters from their native soil, Almighty God has made their exile subservient to higher and holier purposes. I can safely say, that there is scarcely a city or town in the United States or Australia, where the Catholic religion has not been proclaimed by priests and supported by laymen of Irish birth or parentage.

But let us not forget another country across the channel which is here today so worthily represented and which has set an example of noble zeal to England and to America. At the close of the Eighteenth Century, many of the noblest clergy of France, driven from their native land by the storm of the French Revolution, sought refuge in England, where they were graciously received, and hospitably entertained. And it is well known how they endeared themselves to the British people by their refined manners and gentle Christian deportment, as well as by their apostolic zeal and the edifying example of their private lives. For three centuries after the discovery of the American continent, heroic missionaries from Catholic France were laboring in evangelizing and civilizing the aboriginal tribes of North America, traversing the country always at the risk, and often at the sacri-

fice of their lives. And as a result of their labor, there are few Indian tribes today in the United States or Canada that do not know and venerate the "black robes."

If those heroic men accomplished so much when they had no boats but frail canoes; no roads but eternal snows, and virgin forests and desert wastes; no compass but the naked eye; no guide save faith and hope and God; how much more will your consecrated sons be able to effect by means of railroads and steamships and other appliances of modern civilization?

Therefore, we bless you, O men of genius; we bless your inventions and discoveries. We hail you as agents of God: We will impress you into the service of religion, and we will say with the Prophet Daniel: "Sun and moon, bless the Lord; fire and heat, bless the Lord; lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever."

But you English Catholics have an additional incentive to stimulate your pious enthusiasm, and to arouse your zeal in diffusing around you the blessings of Christian faith. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, of happy memory, sets forth, in glowing terms, the golden opportunities that lie before you. He portrays in luminous language the noble character of your countrymen. As Gregory the Great was drawn towards the enslaved Angles in Rome

by the comeliness of their countenances, so is Leo attracted toward the free and enlightened Britons by their elevated qualities of mind and heart.

In his apostolic letter of 1895, he enlarges on the distinguishing traits of the English people. He admires your candor, your sense of justice and humanity. He praises your social virtues and your successful efforts in uplifting the poor and the working classes; your munificence in founding institutions for decrepit old age and abandoned youth; in building hospitals for the alleviation of every form of suffering humanity; and in the establishment of houses of correction and reformation for the criminal and depraved. He dwells on your commercial enterprise and activity, extending over the civilized world the good order and stability of your government; the respect for religion and for the Christian Sabbath, and the veneration in which the Sacred Scriptures are held throughout the land.

If to the blessings just enumerated were superadded unity in Christian belief, this bond of sacred fellowship would, in the judgment of the Holy Father, largely contribute to the peace and happiness of domestic life, and to the strength and security of the British Empire at home and abroad.

And, my brethren, remember Gregory speaks through Leo. The same zeal that Gregory exhibited at the close of the Sixth Century for Eng-

land's conversion, Leo displays at the close of the Nineteenth Century for the restoration and development of the Catholic religion in your beloved country.

And the same homage and filial reverence that Augustine paid to Gregory, your prelates render to Pius X, our reigning Pontiff. They recognize the same divinely appointed principle of authority, and are guided and cheered by the same voice that spoke to your first great Apostle.

But there are still stronger and more enduring ties binding the Catholic Church of America to the Church in England.

Maryland, the mother Church in the United States, was founded by English Catholics. Leonard Calvert, the brother of Lord Baltimore, and the leader of the English Catholic colony, desirous of securing liberty of worship for his co-religionists, sailed with them from Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the Ark and Dove—fitting messengers to carry the fortunes of the pioneer pilgrims. They reached their destination on the banks of the Potomac, in 1634.

This colony of British Catholics was the first to establish on American soil the blessings of civil and religious liberty. While the Puritans of New England persecuted other Christians, and while the Episcopalians of Virginia persecuted Catholics and Puritans, Catholic Maryland gave

freedom and hospitality to Puritans and Episcopalians alike. In the words of Bancroft, "The foundation of the colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. . . .

"But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; but through the benign administration of the government of that province, no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, was permitted to be molested on account of religion. Under the munificence and superintending mildness of Lord Baltimore, a dreary wilderness was soon quickened with swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements: the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, *Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance.* Such were the beautiful auspices under which Maryland started into being. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude, and toleration."

I will add one more link to the chain of hallowed associations between the Catholic Church in England and America. The first Bishop of the United States was consecrated in England by an English prelate. John Carroll, the first Archbishop of

Baltimore, and the Patriarch of the American Church, was consecrated in 1790, in the Chapel at Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, the elegant seat of Thomas Weld, and when the proprietor of Lulworth heard of the appointment of Dr. Carroll, he invited him to be his guest. May the Lord show mercy to thee, Thomas Weld, for the hospitality thou didst extend to the infant Church of America in the person of her first Bishop.

The consecrating prelate was Bishop Walmesley, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. Dr. Walmesley was not only conspicuous for his piety and zeal as a churchman, but he was also an eminent scientist. In 1752, he was invited by the English Government to co-operate with other learned men in arranging the Gregorian Calendar and adapting it to Great Britain.

One of the acolytes on the occasion of the consecration, was the son of Mr. Weld; he became the future Cardinal Weld, and was conspicuous as a member of the Sacred College.

The Rev. Charles Plowden, of the Society of Jesus, and an intimate friend of Dr. Carroll, preached the consecration sermon. He foreshadowed with prophetic vision the future growth and development of the American Church. As she was no longer fettered by repressive laws, but breathed the air of liberty, she would increase with giant strength.

"As we, in former ages," said the speaker, "received the faith of Rome from the great St. Gregory, and our Apostle St. Austin, so now, at an interval of twelve-hundred years, our Venerable Prelate, the heir of the virtues and labor of our Apostle, will this day, by commission from the successor of St. Gregory, consecrate the first Father and Bishop of the new church, destined, as we confide, to inherit those benedictions which the first called have ungratefully rejected. Glorious is this day for the Church of God, which sees new nations crowding into her bosom: glorious for the Prelate elect, who goes forth to conquer these nations for Jesus Christ; not by the efforts of human power, but in the might of those weapons that have ever triumphed in this divine warfare." The preacher went on to say that the daughter would one day outstrip the mother in the multitude of her spiritual children. The prophecy has indeed, been fulfilled. The daughter excels the mother in the wealth of her institutions, and in the number of her bishops, clergy and laity.

But, my brethren, while claiming this pre-eminence, we acknowledge, with filial reverence, that the mother has higher prerogatives to which the daughter must joyfully yield. Many daughters have gathered together riches: thou, O mother, hast surpassed them all. Thou dost excel the daughter in the wealth and splendor of thy ven-

erable and hallowed traditions, in the effulgent host of thy glorious martyrs and illustrious confessors of the faith.

On this red letter day, which marks a new epoch in the history of the Catholic Church in England, it would be interesting and instructive, if I had the time, to form a comparison between the present condition of the English Church and her situation at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century.

The great religious revolution of the Sixteenth Century had spread like a tornado over Northern Europe. More than half of Germany adopted the teachings of its new apostle. Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and all Scandinavia, followed in the same path. Calvinism in the Sixteenth Century, and Voltairism in the Eighteenth, had wrought such havoc in France, that twice the fate of that great Catholic nation trembled in the balance. Ireland, alone, of all the nations of the North, remained loyal to the ancient creed; for England and Scotland, alas, had broken off their allegiance to the Holy See.

At the close of the Eighteenth Century, the Church in England had not yet recovered from the shock of the great upheaval. Her children steered their course in the bark of Peter under reefed sails, not knowing when the abating storm might be renewed with increased violence. The spiritual administration of the whole island was confided to

four Vicars Apostolic. They were aided by about one hundred and twenty priests, scattered up and down the country. A few modest chapels, which could not be dignified with the name of Christian temples, were established here and there, and chiefly in the great commercial centers; and the entire Catholic population was estimated by Dr. Milner at 70,000.

Let us now calmly survey the scene after the din and smoke of battle have passed away; when penal laws are happily abolished, and when the scales of prejudice have fallen from the eyes of the English people, and when they stand forth in the full light of their sturdy manhood, and their generous, warm-hearted character.

We see, today, a hierarchy composed of an Archbishop with fifteen suffragans; three thousand priests, ministering to a Catholic population of nearly two millions.

This consoling result is due, under God, to the zeal of the bishops and clergy, and to the generous co-operation of the laity.

I may also add, that, if the Catholic Church is now viewed with so much respect and benevolence by the people of England, this circumstance may be ascribed, in no small measure, to the fact, that the Catholic hierarchy, and, especially, the three Cardinals who have ruled the diocese of Westminster, have not only deported themselves as devoted

churchmen, but that they have taken a personal, loyal, vital interest in every measure that contributed to the moral, social, and economic welfare of their beloved country.

My Brethren, what a change has come over the face of this city since the death of Bishop Challoner, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago! So stringent and oppressive were the religious restrictions in his day, that he was obliged to observe the utmost circumspection in breaking the Bread of Life and dispensing the word of God to his scattered flock. His latter days were embittered by beholding his chapels ruthlessly destroyed by a mob in the "Lord George Gordon riots." He could almost literally say with the Prophet Elias: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord of Hosts, because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, they have destroyed Thy altars; they have slain Thy Prophets with the sword, and I alone am left, and they seek my life, to take it away." (III K., xix.)

If his venerable form were to appear before us today, he would behold this august temple radiant with all the splendor of our ceremonial, amid the enthusiastic joy of the Catholic nobility, gentry, and people of Great Britain and Ireland, and with the benevolent interest of our separated brethren and the great organs of public opinion.

Over fifty years ago, after the re-establishment

of the English Catholic hierarchy, at the synod of Oscott, the illustrious Dr. Newman preached a sermon on the "Second Spring," in which, in his own matchless style and silvery voice, he spoke of the hopes and prospects of the Church in England, after the winter of her tribulations had passed away. Had God spared him to our day, with what eloquence could he portray to you how the Spring had bloomed and ripened into Summer; and, as a proof of this development, he could point to this mystical tree of life, under whose stately arches we are all assembled, spreading its branches far and wide, so that, from henceforth, thousands may be sheltered beneath its ample shade, and be nourished by its perennial fruit of grace and sanctification.

All honor to the Catholic nobility, gentry, and commonality of Great Britain and Ireland, who, amid trials and persecutions, have preserved their faith unsullied; who regarded the name of Catholic as more precious than any earthly civic title, like the Hebraw lawgiver, who "chose rather to be afflicted with the people of God, than to have the pleasure of sin for a time, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of the Egyptians."

When the bishops, clergy and people are united as you are, there is no such word as fail; you are

sure to succeed. You form a triple cord which cannot be easily broken.

And why should you not co-operate with the bishops and clergy in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness? Do not you and they claim God as your common Father? Are you not brothers and sisters of the same Christ? Are you not sanctified by the same Holy Spirit?

"There are diversities of graces, but the same Spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, Who worketh all in all." Are not your interests alike? Are you not all in the same bark of Peter, subject to the same storms, and steering toward the same eternal shores, prospective citizens of the same celestial kingdom?

If any nation has reason to join hands with its spiritual rulers, and to glory in its Catholic traditions, that nation is England. From the sixth to the sixteenth century, when "the whole land was of one tongue and of one speech," when the faith of its people was identical, the history of Great Britain is emblazoned with the names of Christian princes and prelates and people, who have reflected unfading renown on their country, by their sturdy manhood, their unswerving loyalty to country, and their deep-rooted faith. Though often portrayed by unfriendly hands, prejudice has not been able to obscure their glory or tarnish

their fame. England's prestige would have suffered if these illustrious names had never been inscribed on her roll of honor.

Walk, my brethren, in the footsteps of your pious ancestors. Let it be your aim in life that the Church's heavenly mission of giving light to them that sit in darkness, and of comforting the broken-hearted, may increase day by day, until England's future achievements for God and country may equal, if not surpass, her former record, even as Jerusalem's new temple excelled the old.

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee." May these words of Isaiah be a prophecy of the good things yet to be revealed to the Church in England, as well as a vision of her past glory.

Take a loyal, personal interest in all that concerns the temporal and spiritual welfare of your cherished country. No one should be a drone in the social hive. Let no man be an indifferent

spectator of the civil and political events occurring around him. When we are enrolled in the army of the Lord, our duty to our country is not diminished, but increased. As you all enjoy the protection of a strong and enlightened government, so should each man have a share in sustaining the burden of the Commonwealth.

Above all, take an abiding and a vital interest in all that affects the welfare of your holy religion. Let the words of the Psalmist be your inspiring watchword: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember thee, if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

And now, my Dear Archbishop, I beg to assure your Grace, that I am not using any conventional phrase when I offer you my hearty congratulations on the consummation of your cherished wishes after the many months of anxious thought to which you have been subjected.

If I may estimate your future career by the enlightened zeal and healthy progress which have already marked your administration of this Metropolitan See, I have every reason to believe that you will leave after you a record worthy of the three illustrious Prelates that have preceded you.

It must be a source of profound gratification to you to be surrounded on this solemn and joyous

occasion by so many eminent Cardinals, by your Brethren of the Episcopate and of the Clergy of the British Isles, of various portions of the Continent of Europe and of North America and Mexico, and by so many of the Catholic nobility, gentry and people of England, assembled together under the inspiration and invocation of the divine Shepherd who is the Soul and Centre of our worship, and who is to be "our reward exceeding great."

May this Eucharistic banquet of which we partake, increase in our hearts a greater love and devotion for Jesus Christ our Saviour, and for His Vicar upon earth; may it draw us all, Bishops, Priests and People more closely in the bonds of Christian fellowship and brotherhood; and may this Love-Feast be an earnest and foretaste of the heavenly banquet at which we shall recline with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, to be forever "inebriated with the plenty of God's house, and to drink of the torrent of delights."

DEDICATION
ST. MARY'S CHURCH
HOBOKEN, N. J.

SERMON DEDICATION OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOBOKEN, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1878.

II Paralip vii, 15-16.

TO build a church for the worship of the Almighty, is an honor, a duty, and a blessing.

In the first place, so honorable and so noble is the work of erecting a house to the Lord, that in the Old Law when it was a question of raising up a temple to the Most High, the enterprise was conceived by one king, was carried into execution by another, and was decorated and repaired by a third. King David conceived the plan; king Solomon built the temple; king Joas and other kings repaired and adorned it.

And so in the Christian dispensation, from the days of Constantine, and for many centuries afterward, it was Kings and Emperors and Princes, in conjunction with the chief pastors of the Church that almost exclusively exercised the glorious privilege of raising up in their respective dominions, grand Basilicas, many of which survive to this day,

and attest the piety and zeal of their royal founders. The Constantines of New Rome, the Edwards of England, the Margarets of Scotland, the Louises of France, the Elizabeths and Stephens of Hungary, the Canutes of Denmark made their reigns conspicuous by the monuments of piety which they erected in their kingdoms.

But times have changed, and a prerogative which was formerly exercised chiefly by crowned heads, is now handed over to the people. What kings and queens alone could do of old, you may now do and have done, in erecting this church to Almighty God, and although you have not royal wealth, you have proved by your generous offerings, that you have royal hearts; (and I am sure the liberality you have displayed is but an earnest of what you will yet accomplish, when you shall be called upon to contribute to the erection of a more imposing structure to supersede the present edifice). And like Cato when in his old age, he looked with pride upon the wide-spreading trees which his own hands had planted in his youth, so will you one day, point with exulting hearts, to the imposing church which will be the work of your hands, and which, as the outgrowth of this structure, will give shelter to thousands of worshiping Christians and from which they will be nourished with the Bread of Life.

2nd. In erecting this house of prayer, you

not only exercise an exalted privilege, but you perform also a most sacred duty of gratitude, for we should never forget that we have nothing which is essentially our own. We possess only borrowed goods, of which we have but a temporary and uncertain lease. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" Everything that exists is the absolute property of God. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Your goods belong to Him. Your body with all its senses belongs to Him, for, it is the work of His hand. "Thy hands, O Lord," says the Psalmist, "have framed and fashioned me." Your soul with all its faculties comes directly from Him. Nay, your very life is the gift of His mercy, and will be taken away at His good pleasure. God has no need then of your goods, nor does He need your worship; myriads of unseen angels minister to Him on earth, as they do in heaven.

Nevertheless He vouchsafes to be pleased with the pious offering you have made Him of this house of worship, just as a father joyfully accepts from his child, a present as a mark of filial affection, though bought with money which he himself had given to his child. Our Saviour accepted with satisfaction the gifts of the Magi, though He had no need of them. And O! How joyfully He accepted that first humble temple where the carpet was of straw, the altar a manger, and the very temple

itself a stable. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." You have not so received Him. For it is not the costliness of the gift which delights our Lord, but it is the loving heart which presents it. He desired to come among men, and Our Lady and St. Joseph gave Him the best that they had, and so have you. He desired to dwell in your midst, for "His desire is to dwell with the children of men." And you have built Him this house adorned with the best which your piety could provide. And you have cheerfully responded to the call of your Pastor, as the children of Israel responded to the call of Moses when they poured in upon him their gold and silver and precious stones for the adornment of the tabernacle in the desert.

But in erecting this church, you discharge not only a duty of gratitude to God, but also a duty of *religion*. You pay back to "the Giver of all good gifts," not only a portion of what belongs to Him, but you pay to Him also the tribute of your praise, of your devotion and the supreme worship which is His due. You make a sublime act of faith in the existence of God, His superintending Providence, His supreme dominion. Upon the cross surmounting this church, and upon this altar, you write in bold and legible words:

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son. I believe in the

Holy Ghost, in the Holy Catholic Church and in Life Everlasting."

Henceforth every act performed in this house will be a recognition of God's sovereignty, and a sacred link binding you to your Father in heaven. Hither you will come day after day to present your petitions to that Heavenly Father, and to receive favors at His hands.

Here your children at the sacred font of baptism, will be made the fellow-citizens of the saints, and free-born children of God.

Here they will be enrolled in confirmation, among the militia of Christ, and strengthened to fight the battles of the Lord.

Here you will be nourished with the Bread of Life in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Here you will appear as self-accusing sinners before that merciful tribunal which was established not to condemn but to save.

Here young men and maidens will have their marriage union blessed by God's appointed priest.

And as after entering into life, the waters of baptism will here be poured on your children's heads, so when they have passed into death, will penitential prayers and tears be poured on them here, before they are consigned to the dust from which they came.

And here God's holy law will be proclaimed to you. The same commandments that were given

to the Jewish people on Mount Sinai, these are the commandments that will be preached to you. The same prophetic warnings that were once uttered on the mountain of Sinai, shall be repeated to you. The same blessed Gospel of Peace that was delivered on the mount by our Saviour, even that same Gospel shall be delivered to you. The same holy lessons of morality and wisdom that were announced by the Apostles, shall be also announced to you. The same doctrine that Saint Peter preached in Rome, Saint Paul in Athens, Saint John in Ephesus, Saint Andrew in Thrace, Saint Chrysostom in Constantinople, Saint Augustine in England, Saint Patrick in Ireland, these and no others are the instructions that shall be placed before you for your acceptance, without addition, without substraction, without change, for "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever."

Advantages: But moreover in erecting this house of prayer, you not only discharge a duty of gratitude and religion towards God, but you also confer inestimable advantages on yourselves and on posterity. If the man who causes a blade of grass to grow, where none grew before, benefits his race, what countless blessings do you confer on society by causing this edifice to spring up in your midst in which human souls are to be nourished by heavenly food. Let your imagination in its high-

est flight and broadest range, picture to itself the vast number of persons who from this day forth into the distant future, will be regenerated in the waters of baptism in this church, strengthened in confirmation, and fed by the Bread of Life. Visualize if you can, the long line of penitents who will enter here with crushed and bleeding hearts, and who will go out healed by the balm of Divine consolation, restored to the friendship of God and reconciled to their enemies; who will have their passions subdued, and the peace of God which surpasseth all understanding, planted in their hearts. Enumerate the catalogue of sermons that will be preached from this sanctuary, and the instructions that will be imparted to your children and to your children's children. Place before you this vast amount of good to be accomplished. Contemplate those streams of grace ever flowing from this altar, and then and not till then, can you realize the blessings bestowed on posterity by the ceremony of today.

But if the erection of this church will redound to the welfare of posterity, it will also prove a source of *signal blessings to yourselves.* Holy Scripture says that "they who instruct others unto justice, will shine like stars for all eternity." And, as it is your pious offerings that have enabled your Pastor to build this church and to announce in it the word of God, so will you share

in the reward of those whose office it is to instruct the faithful.

God's Holy Word abounds with examples of divine favors bestowed upon those who were instrumental in erecting a house of God. David conceived the pious project of building a temple to the Almighty, and the Lord rewarded his devout intention by promising to perpetuate his kingdom. Solomon carried into execution the religious design of his father by founding a magnificent temple, and the Lord blessed him with a degree of supernatural wisdom which was never surpassed and never equalled, and renewed to him the promise He had made to his father David, of prolonging his kingdom on condition that he would faithfully follow the divine precepts. And if God's promises were but partially fulfilled, it was because Solomon had violated the conditions to which the divine promises were annexed, and had defiled the temple of God by the introduction of the abomination of idolatry.

It is related in the Gospel that the elders of the Jews went once to Jesus, asking Him to heal a favorite servant of the centurian who was dangerously ill with the palsy. And what was the motive which they urged upon our Lord for the exercise of His clemency: "Grant, O Lord, the prayer of the centurian," they exclaimed, "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a syna-

gogue." They might have told our Saviour that the centurian was an affectionate husband and a kind father, and a humane master; that he was a benefactor to the poor. But they merely said, "He hath built us a synagogue," or house of prayer, and their petition was answered. The servant was instantly healed.

My dear brethren, if our Lord was so kind to the centurian who had built merely a synagogue, will He be less kind to you who have erected this house of prayer in which He will perpetually dwell? If a cup of water given in the name of Christ is not without its reward, what may you not expect who have caused the waters of Divine Grace to flow perennially within these walls from the fountain of the Saviour!

If the house of Obededom was blessed because the ark of the Lord once rested there, what favors may you not receive who have built a house in which the Lord of the ark may continually dwell.

If David and Solomon were so acceptable to God for planning and erecting and adorning the Jewish temple, will not your fervent prayers be answered who have aided your Pastor in building a Christian church? For, as far as the new law surpasses the old, so far does the Christian church excel in holiness the Jewish temple. The former contained but the Tables of the Law and the Ark

of the Covenant, while the latter contains the Law-giver Himself and the Lord of the Covenant.

But I should not be expressing your feelings nor mine on this occasion, if, in commending the laity, I should overlook the name of your Pastor. If so much credit is due to you for your generous material aid, how much greater reward is merited by this good priest who has been the heart and soul of this enterprise, who has collected your offerings with so much labor, has expended them with so much judgment and discretion, and who has superintended the construction of this building with as much zeal as Nebemias superintended the rebuilding of Solomon's temple from its foundation to its happy completion.

May the success which has attended him in erecting this material edifice, crown his efforts in building up in your hearts the spiritual edifice of faith, and adorning that true temple of God with the precious ornament of Divine Grace, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts, that being rooted in charity you may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and heighth and depth of the love of Christ" for you. For, remember, that the noblest edifice ever raised by the hands of man to the glory of God, is but an empty shell compared with the temple of the soul when it is illumined by faith and adorned with virtue.

And as you have co-operated with your Pastor in the past, so may you continue to do in the future. May your hearts ever beat in unison with his, for you know well that his whole life is sacrificed for you, and that he can truly say with the apostle, "Most gladly will I spend and be spent for your souls." If he prays, it is for you; if he preaches, it is to you; if he administers the sacrament it is that you may be sanctified thereby; if he offers up the holy sacrifice of the mass it is that he may draw down blessings upon those who are still in the flesh, and eternal rest for your dear ones who have passed beyond the vale of tears. His labors by night and day, his watchings, his self-denials, all—all are for you.

Come often, then, to worship here; to invoke the protection of God and the pious patronage of your patron saint; and as a reward for your piety, may the God of all consolation whisper to you what He said to Solomon of old: "My eyes shall be open and my ears shall be attentive to the prayer of him that shall pray in this place. For I have chosen and sanctified this place that My name may be here forever and My eyes and heart may remain here perpetually."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF POPE LEO XIII

PERSONAL REMINISCENSES OF POPE LEO XIII: SERMON PREACHED IN THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL, APRIL, 1902.

FOR nearly two thousand years the Bishop of Rome has been the most conspicuous figure in the theatre of public life. The name of the Sovereign Pontiff is indelibly marked on the pages of ecclesiastical history. It is intimately and inseparably associated with the progress, enlightment and Christian civilization of the world. The Pope ever stands before us as the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Lord of hosts. One might as well shut out the light of day and the air of heaven from his daily walks, as exclude the Roman Pontiff from his legitimate and paramount sphere in the hierarchy of the Church. The history of the United States with the Presidents left out would be more intelligible than the history of the Christian religion with the omission of the name of the Vicar of Christ.

The supremacy of Peter's successor confronts us at every step in our historical researches. Down the ages, whenever a Bishop of the Church felt

aggrieved by the domineering conduct of his colleagues or by the persecution of the civil rulers, he had recourse to Rome, as the highest and final court of appeal, and he was sure to have his grievances redressed.

All the great Fathers and Doctors of the Eastern as well as the Western Church, such as Basil, Cyril, Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome, recognized and revered the supreme jurisdiction of the See of Rome.

Up to the present time, twenty General or Ecumenical Councils have been held in the Church. They are so called because they are concerned with the interests of religion throughout the world. The First General Council was held at Nice, in the Fourth Century; and the last was the Vatican Council which assembled in the Nineteenth Century. The Bishops of Rome convoked all these Councils or at least assented to their convocation. They presided in person or by their legates over nearly all of them, and the decrees which were framed had not the force of law until they were approved by the Holy See.

To take another instance from history in proof of the controlling influence of the Papacy in the government and the expansion of the Church: It is a remarkable fact that almost every nation hitherto converted to Christianity has received the light of Faith from missionaries either specially

commissioned by the See of Rome or in open communion with that See.

Augustine, who converted England, was sent by Pope St. Gregory. St. Patrick, who converted Ireland, was sent by Pope Celestine. The missionaries who went from Ireland to Scotland, and who converted Northern England, from Scotland, were in open communion with the Apostolic See, as was also Boniface—or to give him his English name, Winfrid—the Englishman who became the Apostle of Germany and Bavaria. Even Russia, schismatic as she is, now looks to Cyril and Methodius as her Apostles, and they were sent from Rome, and from Rome received permission to celebrate the Mass and the divine office in the ancient Slavic tongue, a permission which the Slavic Churches of the Greek Rite and a few of the Latin Rite still enjoy.

In the Sixteenth and the Seventeenth Centuries, the Indies, Japan and our own Western Continent owe their evangelization to men sent out from the same centre of authority. Here in North America they explored our lakes, our rivers and our mountains, everywhere carrying the torch of Faith to the aboriginal tribes, but always they exercised their ministry in subjection to and by the authority of the Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

And should not every impartial man gratefully

acknowledge that even those Christians of the United States who are now separated from communion with the See of Rome, are primarily indebted to the successors of Peter for the Christianity they possess? For, all the white inhabitants of our country are descended from some European nation, and every nation of Europe, as we have seen, received the Faith of Christ from apostolic men who were in active communion with the See of Rome.

As we are commemorating today the diamond jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, it is proper that I should make some special allusion to the life of that illustrious Pontiff.

Joachim Pecci—the family name of the Pope—was born on the second of March, 1810. He has, consequently, entered on his ninety-third year, and has almost spanned a century. My revered predecessor, Archbishop Spalding, died upwards of thirty years ago, and at the time of his death he was venerable in years and in appearance, for his hair was silvered with age. Yet had he lived to this day, he would be a younger man than Leo. His Holiness was ordained a priest in December, 1837, and was consecrated Archbishop in 1843, nearly sixty years ago. He was already an Archbishop before the vast majority of this congregation were born, and he has already lived longer in the episcopacy than any of his predecessors. He was

created a Cardinal in 1853, and was raised to the Chair of Peter in 1878. Only two Popes have exceeded Leo in longevity—Agatho and Gregory IX—and only three Supreme Pontiffs have ruled the universal Church for a longer period; namely, St. Peter, Pius VII and Pius IX, and if Leo survives another year, he will have been Bishop of Rome longer than even Peter and Pius VII.*

Of the two hundred and sixty Popes who have sat in the Chair of Peter, few of them have exerted a wider and more beneficent influence on the social, the political and the religious world than the Pontiff now happily reigning. He is a consummate statesman as well as an enlightened churchman.

In the course of his Pontificate, he has issued a series of masterly and luminous Encyclicals which have served as moral landmarks to his spiritual children and have commanded the respect and admiration of the civilized world. They always discuss topics of timely and vital interest. In the brief space at my disposal, I have time to refer only to three of these public letters.

The first Encyclical to which I shall allude is on "Christian Marriage," which was published in 1880. The Holy Father vindicates in strong and

* Leo XIII died July 20, 1903, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, and, consequently, the term of his Pontificate has exceeded those of all his predecessors except that of Pius IX.

earnest language the unity, the sanctity and the indissolubility of the marriage bond. He tells us that the married couple are the source of the family, and the family is the source of society. Social life cannot be maintained in its purity and integrity, unless it is sanctified at the fountain-head of the home.

The Encyclical "On the Condition of Workmen" was promulgated in 1891, and is an exhaustive document on the rights and duties of the laboring classes. Never did the Redeemer of mankind confer a greater temporal blessing on humanity than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor and by rescuing it from the degradation which had been attached to it.

Christ comes into the world, not surrounded by the pomp and splendor of imperial majesty, but He appears as the reputed son of an artisan: "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" the people said of Him. He has shed a halo around the work-shop, and has lightened the workman's tools by assuming the trade of an artisan.

If the professions of a Soldier, of a Jurist and of a Prelate are dignified by the examples of a Washington, a Taney and a Carroll, how much more is the calling of a mechanic ennobled by the example of Christ!

A conflict between labor and capital is as unreasonable as would be a contention between the head

and the hands. The interests of capital and labor are correlative. Capital without labor would be unproductive. Labor without capital would be unprofitable. What would it avail a capitalist to say: Behold, this mountain of coal is mine, if there were no hardy sons of toil to extract the coal from its recesses and send it to the market? What would it profit the laborer to exhibit his brawny arms and his skill, if there were no capitalist to give him employment?

The third Encyclical to which I shall allude, appeared in 1885 and treats of "The Constitution of Christian States." In this document the Holy Father clearly demonstrates that the Catholic Church can adapt herself to all forms of civil government. When I was invited to Rome by the Pope in 1887 to receive the insignia of a Cardinal, I delivered an address in the Church of *Santa Maria in Trastevere,* my titular Church; and as I took the Encyclical for the text of my remarks, I cannot do better than to give the following abstract of the sermon which was pronounced on that occasion: "Our Holy Father, in his luminous Encylical on the Constitution of Christian States, declares that the Church is not committeed to any particular form of civil government. She adapts herself to all. She leavens all with the leaven of the Gospel. She has lived under absolute empires, under constitutional monarchies and in free repub-

lics; and everywhere she grows and expands. She has often been hampered in her Divine mission, she has been forced to struggle for existence wherever despotism casts its dark shadow, like a plant excluded from the blessed sunlight of heaven. But she blossoms like a rose in the genial air of liberty."

"For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say with a deep sense of national pride and gratitude that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with us in the legitimate exercises of our mission as ministers of the Gospel of Christ. Our country enjoys liberty regulated by law, and exercises authority without depotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has no frowning fortifications to repel an invader. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good will toward all."

"Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant—who comes to advance his temporal interests and to find a peaceful home amongst us.

"But while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for possessing also a strong government. Yes, our nation is strong, and her strength lies, under the overruling guidance of

Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are indeed grave social problems engaging the attention of the citizens of the United States; but I have no doubt that, with God's blessing, these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people, without violence or revolution or any injury to individual rights."

Before I conclude I would like to refer briefly to some of my personal recollections of the Holy Father. During my episcopal career I have visited Rome six times, and on each occurrence I have met the present Pope. My first visit to Rome was on the occasion of the Vatican Council in 1869. The Holy Father was then known as Cardinal Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia. His image is now before me as he appeared during the Council. He impressed me then as a courtly Prelate of a striking personality, as a man who would be singled out as a conspicuous churchman in a group of eminent ecclesiastics.

As the youngest Bishop in the Council I was naturally very much interested in its prominent members, and I noticed that while Cardinal Pecci never spoke in any of the general congregations, he was one of the Cardinals most consulted in private. He made his influence deeply felt, and

this was not only the influence of a striking personality but it was also the influence of a deeply learned theologian and of a saintly Prelate.

My next visit to Rome was in 1880, two years after Leo was elected to the Chair of Peter. I well remember with what eagerness and delight I determined to thank the Holy Father for having invested John Henry Newman with the sacred purple. Few official acts of the Soverign Pontiff were received with more genuine satisfaction by the English-speaking world than this practical and graceful recognition of the eminent services rendered to religion by England's illustrious scholar and divine.

During the same summer, in company with Bishop Curtis, I paid a visit to Cardinal Newman at his home in Edgbaston near Birmingham. We breakfasted with him and spent the morning with him in the most entertaining conversation. I need not say with what keen pleasure I listened to the wealth of anecdote and narrative that flowed so abundantly from his well-stored mind.

The third time I met Leo XIII was in the fall of 1883 and the spring of 1884. The Holy Father had invited the Archbishops of the United States to Rome for the purpose of holding a series of Conferences with three of the most learned Roman Cardinals. These Conferences formed the basis of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore

which was held in November, 1884, and which was the most numerous and important assemblage of Bishops that met outside of the Eternal City for three centuries.

My fourth visit to the Holy Father was in 1887 when his Holiness invited me to Rome to confer on me the unmerited honor of the Cardinalitial insignia. During my sojourn in Rome that year, as well as on other occasions, the Pope bestowed upon me many marks of his paternal affection and friendship. These many evidences of his Sovereign benevolence are too sacred for public utterance, but they are indelibly imprinted on my heart and memory.

I again saw the Holy Father in 1895, and lastly in the Summer of 1901. I perceived little alteration in his appearance, except that his form appeared to be more bent and his emaciated face was almost as white and transparent as an alabaster statue. But his eye retained the brightness and penetration, his mind, the vigor and lucidity of former years, and his memory was strikingly retentive, as was evident from several incidents which occurred in my presence. On one occasion I introduced to his Holiness a young married couple from Quebec. As soon as I mentioned Quebec, the Pope remarked: "Oh, you are under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Begin." He added: "Monsignor Begin is the successor of Cardinal Taschereau."

Then turning to me, he said: "Cardinal Taschereau received the Red Hat with your Eminence." We may judge of the accuracy of his retentive faculty from the consideration that upwards of fourteen years had expired since this incident occurred.

On another occasion I accompanied his Holiness while he was giving an audience, in the *Aula Clementina* to visitors from various parts of the Christian world. The Pope asked a lady, surrounded by her children, whence she came. She replied by giving the name of a Spanish city. He at once remarked: "You have recently lost your Bishop." We cannot but admire this retentive memory, when we consider that the Pope is in frequent communication with upwards of one thousand Bishops scattered throughout the globe.

In 1887, when the Holy Father was celebrating the golden jubilee of his priesthood, congratulations were offered to him by nearly all the governments of the world. During the festivities at Rome, I was agreeably surprised on receiving an autograph letter from Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, requesting me to convey his felicitations to Pope Leo, on the occasion of his jubilee. I immediately called on the President to thank him for his most acceptable message; and he supplemented his courteous act by forwarding to me a few days afterward, an elegantly bound

copy of the Constitution of the United States, to be presented to His Holiness. I informed the President that his gift was most opportune, as the country was commemorating that year, the hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution.

I know not whether Providence will spare me to pay homage to other Supreme Pontiffs, but whether my life be short or long, or whatever may be the future line of Popes sitting on the Chair of Peter, I shall always cherish a special filial affection and the tenderest memories of Leo XIII.

Let us unite in praying for him in the words of the Royal Psalmist and which will be chanted at the close of the Mass: *"Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum, et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in manus inimicorum ejus."* May the Lord preserve him and prolong his life and make him blessed on the earth, and deliver him not into the hands of his enemies."

THE CONCLAVE WHICH ELECTED PIUS X

SERMON ON THE CONCLAVE WHICH ELECTED PIUS X, CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE, OCT. 4, 1903.

YOU naturally expect me to make some brief observations in reference to the recent Conclave which elected Pius X, and to the new Pontiff who has been happily chosen to preside over the Church of God.

Seventy members constitute the Sacred College, when that body is complete. But the College rarely attains that number, as between one Consistory and another, several deaths are apt to intervene among a body of men usually advanced in years. At the time of the Conclave, the Cardinals amounted to sixty-four members, of whom sixty-two took part in the election of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The following nations were represented in the Sacred College: Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Ireland, Australia, and the United States. It was to be regretted, however, that the death of Cardinals Taschereau and Vaughan, and the un-

avoidable absence of Cardinal Moran, prevented England, Canada and Australia from having a voice in the Conclave. And had the election of a Pope been held some years ago, the illustrious Cardinals Newman and Manning would have adorned the venerable Senate by their learning and experience.

The Conclave which elevated Pius X to the Chair of Peter, marks a new and important era in the annals of the American Catholic Church. This was the first time in the history of the Christian religion that the United States, or any part of this Western Hemisphere, was ever associated with the other nations of Christendom in selecting a successor to the Prince of the Apostles.

I would not at all be surprised if in a subsequent Conclave the Catholic Church of the United States will be represented by several members of the Sacred College,* so that the number of Cardinals from our country may be commensurate with the population, the grandeur and the commanding influence of the nation, and may be in keeping also with the numerical strength of our hierarchy and laity, and the splendor and progress of our religious and charitable institutions.

* This actually came to pass upon the election of our present Holy Father, Benedict XV. Counting Cardinal Falconio, who is an American citizen, four American Cardinals went to the Conclave.

At the time of the Conclave, and for weeks preceding it, Rome was full of newspaper reporters gathered from various parts of the civilized world. They were there to furnish the earliest news to the journals which they represented. The great majority of these journalists were men of truth and honor. But a few of them who could not obtain trustworthy facts, or because they regarded facts as less savory than fiction, yielded to the temptation of making statements which were the offspring of their fancy. The more spicy the dish which they served to their patrons, the more eagerly it was devoured.

In the judgment of mankind, the Cardinals of the Church are acknowledged to be generally men of a high order of intelligence, of great discretion, of large experience, and of integrity of character. In these respects I believe they are not surpassed, if they are equalled, by any deliberative body in the whole world.

The Cardinals, however, are not angels, but men, subject to the usual infirmities and temptations of flesh and blood. And because they are not exempt from the frailties incident to mankind, and because of the peerless dignity of the Supreme Pontificate, as well as of the tremendous responsibility it involves, every precaution that human ingenuity and experience could suggest, had been availed of in this, as in preceding conclaves, so that no cloud

should rest over the election of the successful candidate.

Such were the circumstances which marked the election of our new chief Pastor who has assumed the title of Pius X.

I was present at the Conclave and took part in its proceedings, and without revealing its secrets, I can most positively assure you and the American people that the election of the Pope was conducted with absolute freedom, with the utmost fairness and impartiality, and with a dignity and solemnity becoming the august assemblage of the Sacred College, and the momentous consequences of their suffrages.

I have witnessed debates in the British Parliament, in the French Chambers, and in both houses of Congress, and I must candidly say that in sobriety of language, and in courteous deportment of members towards one another, the College of Cardinals surpassed them all. And this is the more noteworthy when we consider that some twelve different nationalities, swayed by as many national characteristics, were represented in the Assembly. On leaving the Sistine Chapel, at the conclusion of the Conclave, and contemplating the over-ruling action of the Holy Ghost on these heterogeneous elements, I exclaimed, "The finger of God is here!"

Two ballots were cast each day in the Conclave,

one in the forenoon and another in the afternoon. The votes for Cardinal Sarto steadily increased from the first to the seventh ballot, on which he was elected. When the Cardinal observed that the suffrages for him were augmenting, he was visibly disturbed, and in a fervent speech he implored his colleagues not to regard him as a candidate. Contrary to his wishes, the votes for him increased. He then became alarmed and in a second speech in most pathetic language, he again besought the Cardinals to forget his name—*"Obtestor vos,"* were his words, *"ut nominis mei omnino obliviscamini,"* as he could not accept a burden too heavy for him to bear. All were moved by the modesty and transparent sincerity of the man. When he resumed his seat, his cheeks were suffused with blushes, tears were gushing from his eyes, and his body trembled with emotion. It was only after some of the leading Cardinals entreated him to withdraw his opposition, that he finally and reluctantly consented to abide by the will of God and accept the sacrifice. Never did a prisoner make greater efforts to escape from his confinement than did Cardinal Sarto to escape from the yoke of the Papacy. With his divine Master he exclaimed: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." When his election was officially announced, his florid countenance assumed a

deathly pallor, and restoratives were applied to save him from fainting. So little did Cardinal Sarto expect to be the choice of his colleagues, that on setting out for Rome he is said to have purchased a return ticket to his home in Venice.

Pius X is in his sixty-ninth year. He is of the same age that Leo XIII had attained, when he ascended the Papal chair. He has had a large and varied experience in the sacred ministry. He consecutively filled the offices of assistant priest, of pastor, of chancellor, and vicar-general. He was elected afterwards to the See of Mantua, the home of the illustrious Virgil. He was subsequently promoted to the patriarchal See of Venice.

The virtues of humility, sincerity, candor and benevolence, were stamped on his features. I can characterize him in one sentence by saying that "he is a man of God and a man of the people." His name was idolized in Venice and along the Adriatic on account of his charities towards the poor.

We need not be surprised at the emotion of the Pope when his election was announced, for he was called to the most sublime position to which any man on earth can aspire.

The Papacy is the most ancient of all existing dynasties. It had flourished for centuries, when the oldest empire now existing was established. A Pontiff sat in the Chair of Peter, when England

was a Roman colony, and her inhabitants were a rude and uncultivated people, unacquainted with the arts and refinements of civilized life. Pius X is the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope who, under Christ, has been called to rule the Church of God.

The empire of the Pontiffs is co-extensive with the globe, embracing children of every clime and race and tongue; combining in one homogeneous body the most diverse national characteristics and temperaments. It has been justly said that the sun never sets in British possessions. It can be also affirmed with equal truth that wherever the British flag is raised, there also you will find Christians who bow with filial submission to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope.

The influence of the Papacy is more far-reaching than that of any earthly ruler. Kings and emperors and civil magistrates exact external compliance with the laws of the land. They cannot control the sanctuary of the heart. The Sovereign Pontiff, though he has no army to enforce his commands, makes and interprets laws which bind the consciences of men.

The rule of the successors of Peter has been the most beneficent in the cause of civilization and humanity. When the Roman Empire was dissolved, the ark of the Church, under the guidance of the Sovereign Pontiffs, floated triumphantly on

the troubled waters beneath which the monuments of centuries had lain entombed.

The Papacy has contributed more than any civil government to the intellectual progress of mankind. If Europe is today immeasurably in advance of Asia, in literature, in the arts and sciences, is it not because Europe was more in touch than Asia with the Roman Pontiff, and felt the impress of of his strong but tender hand?

Were it not for the unceasing vigilance of the Bishops of Rome, the crescent instead of the cross would have surmounted the domes and temples of Europe; Mohammedanism instead of Christianity would be the dominant religion of that continent, and our fathers who came from Europe would have brought with them their religion and their laws from the Koran instead of the Bible.

Among the Pontiffs who have sat in the Chair of Peter for the last three centuries, Leo XIII, whom Pius X succeeded, stands pre-eminent. He has indelibly stamped the impress of his name and genius on the civilized world. He has written Encyclicals to the nations of Christendom, treating on the most momentous subjects of the day. He has dealt not with abstract or speculative questions, but with topics affecting the social and political as well as the moral and religious well-being of the world. He has conclusively shown that he was always in touch with humanity and could say with

the Roman of old: *"Nil humani a me alienum puto"*—"Every subject affecting the interests of mankind is dear to me."

Need we therefore wonder that Leo's name was revered and loved not only by his own spiritual children, but also by persons of every creed, and by every man who had at heart the uplifting of his fellow-being.

While living, he was everywhere honored because his words were a tower of strength in the cause of Christianity and stable government. Kings, emperors, and princes of every belief vied with one another in paying homage to him and in visiting him. But what he more esteemed, he was loved and cherished by the sovereign people.

We all know what intense interest was aroused throughout the globe in his last illness. Every varying phase of his sickness was flashed far and wide. An anxious world was oscillating between hope and fear, while the august patient was hovering between life and death; and when the catastrophe came, the mourning was universal.

Leo has lifted up the Catholic Church to a higher plane of dignity and strength than it had attained since the days of Leo X. He has infused new life into the missionary world. He has quickened with renewed zeal every bishop, priest and layman that fell within the scope of his influence. He has left

to his successor the precious heritage of a blameless life and an Apostolic character.

What a subject of profound reflection is presented by the contrast between the funeral rites of the late Pontiff, and the coronation of his successor! All that was left on earth of the great Leo at his obsequies were his emaciated and shrivelled remains. That voice which had thrilled millions throughout the world was hushed forever. Those hands which were daily raised to bless, lay motionless on his breast. The same liturgical prayers were chanted, and the same sacrifice of propitiation was offered for him that are employed in behalf of the humblest layman. Supplications were poured forth to the Throne of Grace, not for Leo the saint, nor Leo the scholar and statesman, but for Leo the humble penitent, who, like all the children of Adam, could be saved only through the redeeming merits of Jesus Christ.

On the Sunday after Leo's obsequies, the newly-elected Pontiff was borne in triumph into St. Peter's Basilica by liveried servants, amid enchanting music and the waving of ostrich plumes, preceded by the College of Cardinals, and surrounded by an immense multitude of bishops, clergy and people who filled the capacious edifice and whose number was estimated at fifty thousand.

But another scene is presented which is calcu-

lated to sober the Pontiff amid the intoxicating atmosphere which envelops him. A master of ceremonies goes before the Pope with a wand to which is attached a vase containing burning tow, crying out from time to time: *"Sic transit gloria mundi."* ("Thus passeth away the glory of the world.")

I am sure, however, that the humble Pontiff did not need this reminder, nor was he elated or dazzled by the splendor of the pageant; but like his Master who wept on entering in triumph the city of Jerusalem, Pius was overwhelmed by the contemplation of the heavy cross he was destined to bear through life. His was the only heart unmoved among the fifty thousand spectators assembled to honor him.

What a comentary is all this on the vanity of human glory! How eloquently it proclaims the truth that God alone is great, and that no honor can satisfy man's ambition but that which is eternal!

GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
ARCHBISHOP ELDER

SERMON AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ARCHBISHOP ELDER, JUNE 10, 1896.

"As Jesus went, they spread their garments in the way, and the whole multitude of His disciples began with joy to praise God with a loud voice, for the mighty works which they had seen, saying: Blessed be the King who cometh in the name of the Lord. And some of the Pharisees said to Him: Master, rebuke Thy disciples. And He said to them: I say to you that if they should be silent, the stones will cry out." Luke xix, 36-40.

JESUS CHRIST our Saviour fled from honors during His mortal life, embracing the humiliations of the Cross. Nevertheless on the occasion referred to in the text, He does not disdain to accept the homages that were bestowed on Him. As He approaches the city of Jerusalem, the people spread their garments on the way, and the multitude of His disciples praise Him with a loud voice, for the mighty works they had seen Him perform, and they exclaim: "Blessed is the King who cometh in the name of the Lord." The Pharisees, who were always envious of our Saviour's glory, asked Him to rebuke His disciples, and to stop the acclamations. But our Lord gives this answer: Let them alone. "I say to you

that if they should be silent, the stones will cry out." He wishes them to understand that in accepting their tributes of praise, He was receiving only what was due to Him, as their Lord and King.

On this morning, a large number of the distinguished Prelates of the United States, the clergy of this diocese, and of other parts of the country, and this immense multitude of the laity are assembled to congratulate your venerable Archbishop on this occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood.

I am sure that if the decision had rested with the Archbishop himself, he would have preferred that the event had been passed over in silence. But in honoring him today, we are not only gratifying the cherished wishes of our hearts, but we are complying with a sacred and religious duty. And if any one were to ask me: "Why this ovation?" I would answer in the words of our Lord: "If we were silent, the very stones of this Cathedral would cry out against us, and rebuke us."

St. Paul declares that "the priests who have ruled well, are worthy of double honor, especially those who have labored in word and doctrine." And the Scripture says elsewhere that "he is worthy of honor whom the king hath a mind to honor." Observe how the King of kings has honored His Apostles who were the first priests of the New Law. He honors them in the three most

conspicuous ways that a master can glorify his servants, He cherishes them by His special friendship. "I will no longer," He says, "call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father, I have made known to you."

He associates them with Himself in the final judgment of men: "Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And He makes them his co-heirs in His eternal Kingdom: "I go," He says, "to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye also may be."

Christ confers on His priests two prerogatives which transcend any earthly power. The priest is the Ambassador of Christ: "For Christ," says the Apostle, "we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting you by us." If it is a great privilege for any citizen of the United States to represent his country in one of the courts of Europe, how much greater is the prerogative of representing the Court of Heaven before the nations of the world! "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me in Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost bounds of the earth."

What an honor to be the herald of God's laws among the nations of the earth! "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth glad tidings, and preacheth peace, that showeth

forth good and preacheth salvation, and saith to Sion: Thy God shall reign." How cherished a favor to be the bearer of the olive-branch of peace to a world deluged by sin, and to proclaim that Gospel which gives glory to God, and peace to man, which converts the sinner, consoles the afflicted, and holds out to all the blessed promises of eternal life! But the Christian priest has a still greater privilege and a still higher honor.

"No act that man can perform," says St. Thomas, "is greater than the consecration of the Body of Christ." And even Carlyle declares that no function in life is so sublime as that of a priest. He says: "Though you are the meanest in God's hierarchy, is it not honor enough to spend, and to be spent for His sake?"

The priest whom we honor today, "has spent, and been spent" for the welfare of his fellow-beings. For fifty years he has preached the Gospel, and has offered up with a clean heart the immaculate Lamb upon the altar. And now Bishops and Priests come to place with loving hands a wreath on his brow; and the faithful delight to lay garlands at his feet, as a tribute of their admiration and filial affection.

The Elder family is an old and honored name in Maryland. They came from Lancashire, England, to Maryland with the early followers of Lord Baltimore. The immediate ancestors of the Arch-

bishop settled in Western Maryland, about the year 1730; and if the tradition is correct, the first Mass that was ever celebrated in Frederick County, was said in the home of William Elder, the great-grandfather of the Archbishop. I had the privilege of meeting the Archbishop's father when he was approaching the patriarchal age of ninety years. He served in the war of 1812, and the sword which he wore is preserved as an heirloom in the family.

If any man has the right to claim the privileges of an American citizen, that man is William Henry Elder. When Paul was threatened with being scourged for preaching the Gospel, he protested against the outrage, because he was a Roman citizen. Then the Roman officer said to him apologetically: "I also am a Roman citizen, I bought this title with a great price." "And I," replied Paul, "am a citizen, not by purchase, but by birthright."

You will find in our day, some men crossing the Canadian line, or coming from Europe, who are scarcely naturalized when they manifest the animus of inflicting, if they could, civil and religious disabilities on men like the Archbishop who are to the manner born, and whose fathers were citizens before them. But against all such aggressors we will protest, and say what Naboth said to the king of Syria: "God forbid that I could surrender the heritage of my fathers."

Like many other Christian Prelates, Archbishop

Elder is under God, indebted for his apostolic spirit, to the piety and edifying life of his saintly mother. Father David, afterward Bishop of Bardstown, was her spiritual director. After he moved to Kentucky, he continued to correspond with her; and the letters that passed between them, reveal an elevation of Christian sentiment which makes them worthy of being compared with the letters of St. Francis de Sales to St. Jane de Chantal.

William Henry Elder was only eleven years old when he entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, which has been justly styled the fruitful nursery of Bishops. He there pursued his classical course, and afterward studied philosophy and theology in the same institution. After receiving Deaconship, he proceeded to the famous College of the Propaganda in Rome, where he completed his Divinity course, and was ordained priest in 1846. Returning to his native State, he became Professor of Theology in his Alma Mater at Emmitsburg, and continued to fill that chair till he was consecrated Bishop of Natchez in 1857, by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore.

One of the first institutions that the Bishop visited after his Consecration, was the college in which I was then pursuing my studies. Before imparting his benediction to us, he delivered us an earnest address, the substance of which I remember to this day, after a lapse of nearly forty years.

His thrilling words were well calculated to fire our youthful hearts with a holy enthusiasm for the sublime vocation to which we aspired.

In order fully to realize the difficulties which the Bishop had to encounter in his new See, we should take into consideration the extent of the diocese, the inconvenience of travel, the poverty of the missions, and the paucity of the Catholic population. The diocese of Natchez embraced the entire State of Mississippi, which is eight thousand square miles larger in extent than the State of Ohio with its three flourishing Sees.

I venture to say that when the Bishop took possession of his diocese, there was scarcely a mile of railroad in the whole State. He had to travel by boat, or to journey through the interior of the State by public or private conveyances, or on foot.

The physical labors of a Bishop are much alleviated when his relations are almost exclusively with a Catholic population which knows and appreciates his sacred character. Then he can say with the Apostle, "my mouth is open to you, O ye Corinthians, my heart is enlarged." But his trials are aggravated, when he is daily brought face to face to a people who without any fault of theirs, have inherited religious prejudices from their ancestors. But the Bishop by his genial manners, and Christian charity, soon dispelled those prejudices, as the mist is dispelled by the sun. He was warmly

received by Protestant and Catholic alike. The faithful welcomed him as a father; and those not of the household of the faith, received him as a man of God. They all felt that in entertaining him, they were made all the happier and richer by their hospitality. They felt that he had left a blessing on their homes, as our Saviour by His presence had blessed the house of Zackeus, and Elias had blessed the house of the widow of Sarephta.

His clergy regarded him more as an older brother than as their ecclesiastical superior. He was always ready to share their sacrifices.

Many of us may remember how some of the Southern States were periodically visited in former years, with the scourge of yellow fever. That state of things has happily passed away. I myself once accompanied eight young and healthy Sisters of Charity on a steamer from Baltimore to New Orleans. They were destined chiefly for the Crescent City and Vicksburg, and went to reinforce the ranks of their companions who had fallen at the post of duty. They left Baltimore unheralded by the press. They did not sound the trumpet before them. They rushed like the famous six hundred into the jaws of death, not bent like them on deeds of blood, but on deeds of mercy. They had no Tennyson to sound their praises; they sought no human applause. Their only ambition was,—and oh! how lofty is that ambition—that their good

deeds might be recorded in the Book of Life, and that they might be seen by Him who said: "I was sick, and you visited Me." Of these eight Sisters, six died during the following summer in New Orleans and Vicksburg, victims to the yellow fever.

Like a true soldier of the Cross, the Bishop hastened to Vicksburg, where the fever raged. He was incessantly occupied in administering the Sacraments, and words of consolation to the sick and dying, till he himself was stricken down by the fever, and for some days he hung between life and death.

During his illness, while I was attending the annual retreat with the Baltimore clergy, I received a message announcing the death of Bishop Elder. That night his demise was formally communicated to the community, and prayers were offered for him, and the next morning I said Mass for his soul in the presence of the clergy. During the morning, I remarked to a friend that had called on me: "This is sad news about Bishop Elder." "Yes, indeed," he replied, "the morning papers state that he is critically ill." "Critically ill?" I repeated, "thank God for that." It was the first time in my life that I thanked the Lord for the alarming illness of a friend. Because while there was life, there was hope.

The next year the Bishop preached our retreat, and gave us ample evidence that his mental and

physical powers were not impaired by the ordeal through which he had passed. During that retreat I received a letter from the lamented Bishop Gilmour, informing me that the Bishops of the Province of Cincinnati had unanimously recommended Bishop Elder as their first choice for Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Cincinnati, although he had been previously selected for San Francisco. I cheerfully complied with the request of Bishop Gilmour to urge the appointment at Rome.

You may well conceive that this was a critical moment in the life of Bishop Elder. San Francisco was expecting him; Cincinnati was pleading for him, and Natchez, with outstretched arms was striving to retain him. How did the Bishop act in this emergency? He acted as a self-sacrificing and obedient soldier of the Cross. He represented to the Holy See the lamentable condition of the Natchez diocese, which had lost nearly one-fourth of its clergy by yellow fever, and which was still staggering under the heavy loss, and he asked permission to remain in his afflicted See. Rome, however, sent him to Cincinnati, and the loss of Natchez is your gain.

It is not necessary or becoming in this presence, to dwell on the Apostolic labors of your Archbishop since his advent to this See. Although on his arrival among you, he found before him a well-equipped diocese, thanks to the zeal of his prede-

cessor and his colleagues in the ministry, nevertheless on comparing the Catholic Directory of 1880 with that of 1896, we are surprised to find the number of churches, schools, hospitals and asylums that have been added to the list during his administration. For this success, the Archbishop, under God, is indebted to your zealous co-operation. You have always rallied around your Archbishop; you have put your shoulders to the wheel; you have taken an active, a loyal, personal, vital interest in every measure he inaugurated in the cause of religion and humanity; and this is the secret of your spiritual progress.

It is written of our Lord, that He went about doing good. He multiplied loaves in the desert; He gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf; He cleansed the leper, and raised the dead to life. Your Archbishop lays no claim to such miracles as these. But is it not a miracle of grace that for fifty years he has led a life without reproach, and has preserved his priestly robes without stain? He had not multiplied loaves like our Saviour, but has he not multiplied institutions where the young and the old have been abundantly fed? He had not healed the sick, but has he not founded hospitals where every phase and variety of human suffering has found some remedy or alleviation? He has not raised the dead, but how many who had lain buried in the grave of sin, has he not

raised to the life of grace? Oh! my brethren, never do we prove ourselves more worthy to be called the Ambassadors of Christ than when we cause the flowers of joy and consolation to bloom in hearts that were barren and desolate before. Your Archbishop has fulfilled in his life the definition of religion given by the Apostle: "Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and the orphan in their tribulations, and to keep oneself unspotted from this world."

And now, Most Rev. Father in Christ, permit me to congratulate you on this auspicious occasion; first, in the name of the assembled prelates who are eager to pay you honor, and to testify their affection for you as their older brother.

I congratulate you in the name of the clergy of this diocese who revere you as their spiritual father, and who have entered with so much enthusiasm and unanimity into its celebration. I congratulate you in the name of the laity who are justly proud of you as their chief pastor. May I not also venture to congratulate you in the name of your fellow-citizens without distinction of race or religion? For they honor you as a citizen upholding by your authority and example the civil laws and institutions of your country.

And lastly, I congratulate you in my own name. There are many common ties that bind us together.

We were both born in the same city of Baltimore; we were baptized within the limits of the same Cathedral parish; we were educated in the same old State of Maryland, the land of the sanctuary, and the cradle of civil and religious liberty; the same Pontiff that elevated Your Grace to the Episcopal dignity, imposed the hands of the priesthood on me; and we exercised the sacred ministry in the same diocese.

May it be my privilege to walk in your footsteps, though at a distance, and to imitate your beautiful and bright example. May you live to celebrate the golden jubilee of your Episcopate, and when your course is run, may you receive the crown of justice from the Divine Shepherd of our souls.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' GOLDEN JUBILEE

ADDRESS AT ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS' GOLDEN JUBILEE, 1895.

THE Sacerdotal Jubilee of any priest is an event well worthy of commemoration. But when that priest has become a Bishop of the American Church his Sacerdotal Jubilee is nothing less than the commemoration of a milestone in the history of the Church and country, and as one instinctively stops at a milestone and looks to see as far back as possible, the country one has traversed, so on this occasion my venerable colleagues will forgive me if I seem to speak more of the history of the past fifty years than of the present happy occasion.

I can declare in all sincerity that seldom, if ever, have I participated in any festivity with more heartfelt satisfaction than on the present occasion. I first learned with regret that this golden jubilee would be of a private and local nature; that it would be diocesan, or, at most, Provincial in its character. I then engaged my passage to Europe for the fourth day of May. But on the very day that I was informed that the Archbishop of Boston

had yielded to the solicitations of his clergy to have the Metropolitan Sees of the country represented, I cancelled my passage and took the risk of engaging a berth at a later date. I assure you, I would have been filled with envy and jealousy, had I discovered when abroad that my Metropolitan brethren were here, while I was absent: I would have journeyed through Europe in the lonesome and melancholy spirit of Goldsmith's Traveler:

> "Still to my brother I would turn with ceaseless pain,
> And drag at each remove, a lengthening chain."

It is a great and a rare privilege vouchsafed to a minister of God to have passed the fiftieth milestone of his priesthood. It is a still greater privilege, for which he should be devoutly thankful, to have spent these long years in innocence and blamelessness of life, with a record untarnished, and without a single stain to sully his sacerdotal garments. But the blessing and happiness are still augmented, when the pilgrim of irreproachable life stands upon the summit of fifty summers, and from that eminence looks back and contemplates the great works accomplished in his day, "*quorum magna pars fuit.*"

The year before your venerable Archbishop was ordained, there was but one diocese in all New England, for the first Bishop of Hartford was not

consecrated till 1844. There were then only 53 priests in New England with a Catholic population of 75,000 souls. The Archbishop, though not yet a very old man, remembers the time when New England contained only four priests. And in 1816, when a coadjutor to Archbishop Neale was proposed for the See of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Marechal wrote to Bishop Flaget recommending Bishop Cheverus of Boston for that place, and the reason he assigned was that the illustrious Dr. Cheverus had nothing to do in Boston.

Today the Archdiocese of Boston is one of the most flourishing Metropolitan Sees in the country, with six suffragan sees, like six brilliant satellites revolving around it. New England has today 1200 Catholic clergymen, with a Catholic population of nearly a million and a half.* And nowhere can a Catholic community be found more devoted

* Present statistics (1916):

Town.	Priests.	Churches.	Population.
Boston	728	282	900,000
Burlington	101	102	84,949
Fall River	162	91	173,366
Hartford	385	232	469,701
Manchester	143	108	134,600
Providence	225	108	275,000
Portland	143	143	131,638
Springfield	379	206	327,468
	2,266	1,272	2,596,122

to the faith of their fathers, or more loyal to their grand old Commonwealth, more attached to the flag of their country, and to her civil and political institutions.

Who would have thought this of New England —New England which was founded and built up to be the stronghold of Puritanism against what in those days they called "Popery and Prelacy." Every advantage which the State could give to one particular kind of Protestantism was given to the complete exclusion of Catholicism and all forms of Protestantism except one. But what was once the State church has become a small and ever-decreasing minority of the population, and what was once forbidden under the heaviest penalties is now the religion of an energetic and ever-growing and progressing part of the population, and yet these who have come into the heritage which was so long refused them, yield to none in their devotion to God and native land. And if we consider the lives and works of some of the early fathers of the Puritan New Englanders and compare their stern adherence to the sacred Scriptures, to the true Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the saving power of His precious Blood, and then when we see into what religious aberrations their descendants have wandered, denying the Incarnation, the Atonement and the inspiration of Holy Scripture, I think we should not be wrong in saying that could the foun-

ders of New England have looked down over the ages they would be glad to think that the lamp of Christianity was not to be put out but that there should be still a part of the population who should revere the sacred and cannonical scriptures as the very Word of God, who should hope for salvation only through the merits and blood of our Redeemer and would worship that Redeemer as God over all, blessed forever. If we think of the past of New England, and of the present, we are far nearer in feeling to the founders of these commonwealths than many of their own descendants. Therefore we know that nobody can contest our right here, and nobody who wishes a Christian New England can be sorry for our success. And we have a strict duty laid upon us also to pray and to work that the descendants of the Puritans may not only return to the faith of their fathers, but to the faith of their fathers' fathers, which is now no longer a frightful name spoken in their midst with bated breath, but which is seen among them in all its beauty and all its power as it was in the days before religious unity was broken.

But I feel it a solemn duty of gratitude to pay my tribute of praise to the primitive settlers of New England. When I consider their sturdy character, their manhood as strong and rugged as their own native hills; when I consider their thrift

and industry and enterprise and indomitable energy. When I reflect on what their descendants have done for the material development not only of their own soil, but also of other portions of the United States, for wherever they planted themselves, the influence of their enterprise and progress was felt; when I contemplate what they have accomplished by their wisdom and statesmanship in the cause of constitutional freedom, and the blood they have shed in the establishment of our sovereign Republic, without whose heroic efforts, perhaps, you would not today be reclining in peace "under your own vine and fig tree;" when I reflect on all this my heart goes out to them, and I believe you will all agree with me that the nation at large owes to that noble race a debt of gratitude which your own warm and generous hearts will be the first to acknowledge.

As for the sacerdotal life of our Archbishop, it has stretched across a very remarkable period in the history of New England. He has seen the Church rise from obscurity to eminence, and he has seen her put on her beautiful garments and come forth to shed light, and life, and peace, and joy over the hills and valleys of this fair land; and he has had no small share in her work and he has therefore no small share in her glory. I need not catalogue his good works, nor need I say anything of his great achievements, with the exception of

one, as a symbol of all the rest—the erection of St. John's Seminary at Brighton—for from that house of piety and learning will go forth a salutary influence throughout the whole diocese which will not only be felt in the present generation but for many generations to come.

Brethren of the clergy of Boston, I need not say how devoted you are to your Archbishop. You admire and revere him because of his sense of justice, and no men have a more delicate appreciation of justice than the clergy have in their relation to their spiritual superior. You love him because of his fatherly attachment to you, and you are ever loyal and obedient to him, for obedience is easy and delightful when it is inspired by love.

But as a chronicler of great events, I feel it my duty to record one act of disobedience on the part of the Boston clergy towards their chief pastor—a public act of disobedience; a public act for which they show no remorse of conscience, an act in which the Vicar General was the leader. I refer to the fact that while the Archbishop desired to have a private celebration, you rebelled and insisted that it should be public. For this act of yours I forgive you; I thank you, and I bless you from my heart; for without your act we would not be here today.

I for one would have been deeply sorry not to have been here today, for it enables me to repay a little of the kindness which the Archbishop has

shown in the honor he has so often done me in staying with me in my own Episcopal residence on his journeys to and from Washington, and of often stopping the night with us and honoring our "prophet's chamber." His visits to me I look upon not only as an act of fraternal affection and kindness, but I have always looked upon them as an honor he has done me. I am glad today to be able to make a return visit on this most auspicious celebration.

And now allow me, Most Reverend Brother in Christ, to offer you my most sincere congratulations on this occasion, in the name of the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, in the name of my Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. colleagues, and in my own.

I well know how distasteful to you is any personal allusion to yourself: But there are times and circumstances when private and personal feelings must be sacrificed to the imperative demands of public recognition. And this is one of these supreme moments of your life, when you are placed in the hands of your friends.

We have learned to admire and love you for your sterling honesty of purpose, for your candor and straightforwardness of character, and for all those qualities of mind and heart that make the man. There is no Prelate of the American Church in whose judgment we have placed more implicit reliance than in yours. Even when you were

younger in years, we looked up to you as a judicious counsellor. But now we can claim you as our Nestor in years, as well as in wisdom.

May your years be prolonged like those of your namesake and patron, St. John the Evangelist. May you live to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of your Episcopate: May you long be spared to be the ornament of your clergy, the guide of your people, and the pride and glory of the American Episcopate.

GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF
BISHOP LOUGHLIN

SERMON AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF RT. REV. JOHN LOUGHLIN, BISHOP OF BROOKLYN, OCT. 18, 1890.

Luke, X, 1-9.

NO effect can be greater than its cause. This is a sound principle of Philosophy. If then we consider the small beginnings of the Christian religion—the sending out of twelve fishermen by Him who in the eyes of the world was a Galilean peasant—we must either conclude that this principle of Philosophy is utterly false or else that there was a cause here greater than that of which at that time the mind of man could have been aware.

Never has there been upon this earth so wonderful a monument of human policy as the Roman Empire, stretching from the forests of Germany to the Desert of Sahara; from the pillars of the Hercules to the Euphrates—a state made up of widely differing races and languages. The vivacious Celt, the stolid Teuton, the acute Latin, the wily Greek, the subtle Oriental and the semi-barbarous African, and yet bound together by a

matchless civil and military organization. At a word the Emperor of Rome could hurl armies here and there. His voice could be heard at the utmost confines of his dominion; his law and his edicts were observed alike in the midlands of Britain and on the confines of Persia. If any earthly power was ever supreme it was the Roman Empire. It dominated all departments of human life. It dictated religion and morals as well as civil laws. It regarded itself as truly divine, and the statue of the goddess Roma and the statue of every succeeding Emperor became the most popular objects of worship among the widely differing subjects of this mighty Empire.

Against this colossal Empire our Lord Jesus Christ sent out a band of fishermen, together with one tax-gatherer, to which he ultimately added a tentmaker, and these men not only were expected by their Master to subdue, but gradually did subdue, the imperial power of Rome, and in less than three hundred years after the Crucifixion of our Lord, one of His disciples was seated upon the throne of the Cæsars. They were subdued not indeed by enslaving their bodies, but by bending their souls to the yoke of the Gospel. In the eyes of men the attempt would have seemed one of frantic audacity; too insane to be taken seriously. But it was not undertaken by men, nor was it carried out by human power. No one not blinded by invincible

prejudice could look at the spread of Christianity during the first three centuries without exclaiming: *"Digitus Dei est hic,"* which is to say in our English tongue, "The finger of God is here."

But this phenomenon has never been wanting during the history of the Church. The spreading of Catholicism among the Northern Barbarians was as remarkable, in some ways even more remarkable, than the conversion of the Roman Empire; and in our own time, and here in our own country, the Catholic Church manifests the same bounding vitality and has spread herself in a manner truly miraculous.

I do not think you will charge me with exaggeration or with straining for effect, when I assert that there are some points of striking analogy between the marvelous development of Christianity in the Roman Empire in apostolic times, and the wonderful growth of the faith in our days in this Empire State, and notably in Long Island with which I am directly concerned.

I will here anticipate an objection that may occur to your minds—that while the christian church in apostolic times was mainly augmented from the ranks of Paganism, the Church in our times has been chiefly reinforced from the ranks of christian immigrants coming from the shores of Europe. This is true. But I maintain that if apostolic zeal and piety and self-denial were re-

quired to *plant* the faith in the Christians of the first century; no small degree of zeal and self-sacrifice were demanded in the nineteenth century in *preserving* the faith of those who had already possessed it.

What would have become of those multitudes of immigrants who came to our shores during the present century, if there were no apostolic men here to welcome them, to preach to them the word of salvation, and to break to them the bread of life? How many thousands of them and of their descendants would have drifted away and have become aliens, if not open enemies of the faith of their fathers?

Now, what was the condition of religion in Long Island when your Chief Pastor was consecrated Bishop of Brooklyn in 1853? According to the directory for that year, the whole of Long Island contained twenty priests, eighteen churches, most of them modest and unpretending structures, and two orphan asylums with a Catholic population of about 25,000 souls.

The Venerable Cardinal McCloskey, who was born in 1810, remarked to me that in his youth he and his family having no church in Brooklyn wherein to worship, were obliged to cross the East River in a boat and attend divine service in St. Peter's Church, New York.

What is the present condition of the diocese of

Brooklyn? It possesses 200 priests, 150 churches and chapels, many of them elegant and imposing houses of worship. It has 118 schools and academies, where 28,000 children of both sexes are receiving a sound Christian education. It has asylums, hospitals and other benevolent institutions, amounting to twenty in number, with a Catholic population estimated in round numbers at a quarter of a million.*

And all this work has been accomplished during the life and under the supervision of one man, the modest Prelate, who is the centre of our thoughts today; of a Prelate who lives, thank God, to contemplate the fruits of his labors after "having borne the burden of the day and the heats," and to gather in with joy the harvest which he must often have sown in tears.

Were I to single out one particular virtue among the many which adorn the life of your Bishop, I would select his apostlic zeal for religion as his characteristic trait. Zeal indomitable which no difficulties could subdue; zeal indefatigable which has known no rest for seven and thirty years. For, if I am correctly informed, your chief Pastor has not indugled in one single week's recre-

* Present statistics (1915)—1 Bishop, 535 priests, 229 Churches, 2 seminaries, 3 colleges, 124 academies and schools instructing 65,549 pupils; asylums, hospitals and other benevolent institutions 27, with 6,521 inmates, and a Catholic population of 750,000.

ation since the day of his consecration. Zeal of the brain in surveying the scene like a viglant shepherd, and in selecting suitable fields of pasture for his ever-increasing flock. Zeal of the tongue in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, "not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the spirit and of power"; preaching that Gospel which gives glory to God and peace to man, that Gospel which reconciles enemies, pardons the sinner, strengthens the weak, comforts the afflicted, and which holds out to all the blessed promises of eternal life.

Zeal of the hands in performing deeds of charity without ostentation, "not letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing."

Zeal of the feet in incessant motion like the feet of his Master, and spreading benediction along his path. Oh! how well do the words of the Prophet Isaiah apply to those feet: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings and that preacheth peace, of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Sion, thy God shall reign."

How your indefatigable Bishop has found time to select judicious sites for churches and schools and academies, asylums and hospitals; how he has found time to visit those institutions to confer the sacrament of confirmation on the thousands of candidates that annually presented themselves, to

attend to his multifarious correspondence, and to administer the affairs of his large diocese, almost surpasses my comprehension. It can be explained only on the assumption that he has fulfilled the vow which some apostlic men have taken, of never wasting a moment's time.

About twenty-five years ago I had the privilege of dining with the Bishop at his residence. After partaking of a hasty meal, the Bishop politely excused himself and retired before dinner was quite over. One of the clergy of his household then pleasantly remarked to me: "This is the Bishop's way. He takes no rest; he enjoys no *siesta* after dinner. He is gone to fulfil some engagement, for he is always busy about his Father's business."

The zeal of your Bishop has been marked by three predominant features. It has been ever tempered by prudence and discretion; it has been commended by a blameless life, and informed by Christian charity.

Take a single illustration of his sound financial judgment. Do you ever reflect, my Brethren, on the immense weight of monetary obligations that has been resting all these years on the shoulders of your Bishop? During the last forty years, how many powerful corporations, how many princely merchants, who had been regarded as the Napoleons of finance, have been crushed beneath the

ruins occasioned by some financial crisis! During all that time your Bishop has been involved in large business transactions for religious and charitable purposes. The property he has accumulated, has amounted to thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, nay to millions of dollars. He has come out of the ordeal with clean hands and a clean heart, without a single note of his protested. Had only one of his churches been sold for debt, what a hue and cry would have been raised, what adverse criticism would have been uttered against his temporal administration? The judgment of the public is more severe toward churchmen than toward laymen in their financial short-comings. A failure that is condoned as a misfortune, when a civil corporation is the defaulter, would be branded almost as a crime, as well as a blunder, if a Bishop were the victim. I am far from referring in a fault-finding spirit, to this discriminating verdict of public opinion; for, society has surely a right to expect that the expounders of the law of justice should set the brightest example in the fulfilment of the law. Now I ask you to consider what foresight and tact, and sound practical sense and judgment must have been displayed by your chief Pastor in passing through these financial operations with so much credit to himself, and so much honor to the diocese over which he presides.

It is written of our Saviour that "He went about doing good." "He gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb, and strength to the paralyzed limb. He cleansed the leper and raised the dead to life."

Your modest Bishop lays no claim to such miraculous powers as these. And what would it profit him to possess such extraordinary gifts? Miraculous power is given to men not for their own advantage, but for the glory of God and the benefit of their fellow beings. Our Lord Himself declares that it will avail wonder-workers nothing on the last day, to have wrought such works, if their lives were not in keeping with their sacred calling. "Many," He tells us, "will say to Me, on that day: Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and cast out devils in Thy name, and done many miracles in Thy name? And He will say to them: I know you not. Depart from Me, ye who work iniquity."

The life of every good priest, the pontificate of every zealous Bishop has upon it in some form or other the mark of the miraculous. I do not mean to claim that Bishops have the gift of miracles to the extent to which Our Lord has given it to some of His great saints, but the gift of miracles is certainly given in some form, to every Bishop, as we read in the service of consecration for a Bishop, and this gift is manifested as God wills

and as times and occasions require. Certainly to make something from nothing is clearly miraculous, and when I look over the accomplishment of your Bishop today, I am compelled to believe that more than human power has been at his disposal. Nor is he alone in this. When one considers how few were our numbers originally in this country, how very, very poor, for the most part, were those who came to us from across the sea, and when one looks over the American Church today, one realizes that our Bishops, like the blessed Apostles, have been supported by a power clearly divine. Therefore no man may boast, for the glory is not of man, but of God.

And now, Venerable Brother, permit me to congratulate you with all my heart on this auspicious occasion. Not only in my own behalf but on behalf of the Episcopacy of the American Church. Your glory is the glory of us all, and all of us feel honored in the honors which a devoted clergy and loving people are heaping upon you today. Nor do I think I overstate the case, that this city without distinction of race or creed, joins with us today in offering to you the felicitations of your fellow citizens. If they have not known you as those of the household of faith have known you, they have known you at least as a devoted citizen, as the head of the most philanthropic organization in the city,

and as a zealous promoter of its social progress and material prosperity.

Fifty years ago you were crowned with the aureola of the priesthood. Today you receive the crown of your golden jubilee. The value of this crown is enhanced by the consideration that it is presented to you not by one particular class, but by every rank of the community. The young and the old, the sons of toil and the wealthy merchant, the public functionary and the private citizen; bishops, priests, and consecrated virgins—all gladly come forward to add a wreath to the diadem of your golden jubilee. Many a civil ruler might envy you this spontaneous manifestation of loyalty. Kings may demand the tribute of money; but they cannot always secure the higher tribute of the heart's affection which is so bountifully lavished on you. May we not devoutly behold in these two crowns, the presage of the unfading crown of glory which our Lord will give unto you in that day when you appear before Him to receive the reward of your works.

If it pleased your heavenly Father to summon you now to Himself from your field of labor, I am sure you would be resigned to say with the aged Simeon: "Now, O Lord, Thou mayest dismiss Thy servant in peace," for I have proclaimed Thy name to the Gentiles, and Thy glory to Thy people Israel."

But such is not the wish of your beloved clergy and people. They would have you abide with them still longer. They would have you abide with them to celebrate the golden jubilee of your Episcopate. They would have you abide with them even to see the years of your great patron saint and namesake, John, the beloved disciple, though, like him, you would have only sufficient strength to ascend the pulpit, to invoke a benediction on your people, and to proclaim to them the universal law of fraternal charity.

And, as St. John was the last survivor of the Apostolic College, so are you, with one exception, the last survivor of that heroic band of apostolic men that were laboring with you fifty years ago. The mild, but firm, Dubois, the lion-hearted Hughes, the Cardinal, whose placid features are still fresh in our memory, the eloquent Power, the amiable Starrs, and the erudite Pise, and their colleagues have passed away.

But, though your old companions have fallen at the post of duty, I see before me, in and around the sanctuary, a well-equipped body of white-robed soldiers worthy heirs of the faith and the mission of their fathers, who lovingly cluster around you, and who are carrying on the battle of the Lord under your well-tried leadership.

But whenever the day comes on which you will be called to render an account of your stewardship,

you will be able to say: Divine Master, "I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given me out of the world. . . . Those whom Thou gavest me I have kept and none of them is lost."

And even when you have passed from the scene of your labors, and entered into the joy of the Lord, you will not be unmindful of this city and of this people with whom your Episcopal life has been inseparably identified.

In his wonderful funeral oration over St. Basil, the great St. Gregory of Nanzianzen, besought that departed Bishop to pray for his stricken flock. So you when that time shall come, will lift up your hands before God in his eternal and glorious kingdom for those who were committed to your pastoral care on earth.

And now, Venerable Brother in Christ, during these festive scenes you are no doubt in a retrospective and prospective mood. You are solemnly reflecting on your fifty years' labor in the ministry, and prayerfully looking forward to the reward from your Sovereign Master. Surely it is not an unreasonable fancy of mine that you are at this moment piously paraphrasing the words which Christ uttered to His disciples at the close of His earthly career, and devoutly thus communing with your Lord: "I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have nearly finished the work which Thou gavest

me to do, and now glorify Thou me, O Father, with Thyself. I have manifested Thy name to men. Thine they were and Thou didst give them to me. The words which Thou gavest me I have communicated to them, and they have received them and they have believed that Thou didst send me. I pray for them because they were Thine. Sanctify them in the truth."

"Thou hast gone to prepare a place for Thy disciples, that where Thou art they also might be."

Vouchsafe also to prepare a place for me and mine, that I Thy servant and those Thou hast committed to my care, may rest with Thee in Thy blessed mansion for all eternity.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' JUBILEE

JUBILEE SERMON PREACHED IN THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1911.

WHEN the subject of commemorating the golden jubilee of my ordination, and the silver jubilee of my elevation to the Sacred College was under consideration, I expressed the desire and intention of celebrating the event with the least possible display.

But you all know how my modest arrangements were dashed aside by the kind partiality of my friends and fellow-citizens of Baltimore, Washington and Maryland. Never, indeed, shall I forget, never shall I cease to be grateful for the unparalleled reception of June 6th, which will always be a red letter day in the annals of our city—when the President of the United States and the leading members of the three co-ordinate branches of the government assembled in Armory Hall, with the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor and City Council and together with the prominent citizens of the city and State, to pay your Cardinal Archbishop an honor beyond his deserts.

The pleasure of this demonstration was enhanced by the consideration that it was so cordial and spontaneous, and was conceived and undertaken without the slightest suggestion or expectation on his part.

Besides that civic festivity, I shall be honored on the 15th of this month by a large concourse of my brethren of the Episcopate and Clergy from various parts of the United States and Canada, who will join with me in the religious celebration of the Jubilee.

It is very natural that on an occasion like the present I should indulge in some reminiscences. This is a privilege of the old in which the young cannot share.

All the priests that were ordained for this diocese with me, or before my time, have long since passed away; and all my Episcopal brethren with whom I began to labor after my consecration, 43 years ago, have gone to their reward, with one solitary exception, and that exception is the venerable Bishop of Kansas City.* Though I value the friendship of my junior colleagues, I feel a sense of loneliness in the absence of my old companions with whom I sat so often in Council, and with whom I labored so long in the Vineyard of the Lord.

At the close of the Third Plenary Council, in

* The Reverend Dr. Hogan. He died in 1913.

1884, the patriarchal Archbishop of St. Louis, addressing me in the name of his colleagues, remarked that "when Xerxes, the Persian leader, beheld over a million of soldiers standing before him in martial array, he shed tears on reflecting that in 100 years this grand army would have perished from the face of the earth. And in fifty years," the Archbishop added, "all the Prelates assembled in this cathedral shall have paid the debt of nature."

"That is true," I replied, "but, thank God, we are immortal; for the present life is but the prelude of that which is to come, and we shall meet again in the temple of which God Himself is the architect, 'for we know that if this our earthly habitation is dissolved, we have a house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

Of the seventy-two Prelates who attended the Council of 1884 all but nine have paid the debt of morality.*

It may be interesting as well as consoling to institute a comparison between the Church of 1861 and its present situation after half a century.

In 1861 the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States numbered 48. The priests were 2,064. The number of churches with priests attached was 2,042, and the Catholic population was estimated at 1,860,000.

†Only six now survive.

The number of Archbishops and Bishops today in charge of Sees amounts to 96. Just twice as many as existed in 1861. The priests amount to 17,000, an increase of over eightfold. There are 13,500 churches, nearly a sevenfold increase. We have about 15 millions of Church members, over four times as many as existed in the United States in 1861.*

But the progress of religion in our country is to be estimated not only by the augmentation of the numbers of its communicants, but also by its more efficient co-ordination and discipline. The clergy in 1861, were as detached squadrons compared to the compact and well-marshalled army of today. Half a century ago, the Prelates and clergy labored under many adverse circumstances. In widely extended parts of the country, they had to minister to the faithful scattered over a vast expanse of territory, without organized parishes, often without churches wherein to worship, and without Catholic schools. They had but scant resources to sustain them. Frequently they had to contend with deep-rooted prejudices.

Now, thank God, we have in most places parishes well organized. Churches have multiplied from

* According to the latest statistics (1916) there are now 14 Archbishops (including 3 Cardinals) 97 Bishops, 19,572 Priests, 15,163 Churches and 16,564,109 Catholics in the United States.

the Atlantic to the Pacific. Parochial schools have become the rule instead of the exception in the large centers of population. A generous laity are usually able and always willing to aid our missionaries. An unfriendly feeling indeed still exists in some quarters, as the result of long-standing traditions and a biased education. But the mists of prejudice are gradually disappearing before the sunlight of truth.

Let me address you, my junior brethren of the Episcopate and the clergy. Oh! you who are now in the full tide of physical and intellectual vigor, I congratulate you; your lines are fallen in pleasant places. What a rich field is open to your apostolic zeal! You represent the highest authority in the world, the Lord of Hosts Himself. You go forth as the envoys not of an earthly potentate, but of the King of kings and Lord of lords. To be an ambassador of Christ is a heavy charge. It means the giving up of one's whole life, the bending of one's every energy to the cause for which we have enrolled ourselves, for the subject of our embassy is nothing short of eternal life, and the work of our embassy is nothing less than the salvation of souls.

Your mission is to an enlightened American people who are manly and generous, open to conviction, and who will give you a patient hearing. The American race form the highest type of a

Christian nation when their natural endowment of truth, justice and indomitable energy are engrafted on the supernatural virtues of faith, hope and charity.

But, my brethren of the laity, the mightiest efforts of your Bishops and Clergy will be of no avail without your generous co-operation. If the genius of a Washington, a Wellington, and a Napoleon would be exerted in vain without the help of their armies, so the zeal of a Peter and a John the Baptist and the eloquence of a Paul would be fruitless without the active concurrence of their devoted disciples. But when the prelates, the clergy and people are united in the cause of religion and humanity, there is no such word as fail. We form an impregnable phalanx which cannot be pierced. We constitute a triple alliance far more formidable and enduring than the alliance of kings and potentates, for ours is not a confederation of flesh and blood, but an alliance cemented by divine charity.

You will always be loyal in the profession and faithful in the practice of your religion. You will take an active, personal interest in all that concerns the welfare of Holy Church. You will rejoice in her growth and prosperity, and will grieve at any adversity that may befall her. You will be animated by the spirit of the Prophet, when he mourned over the destruction of Jerusalem and

besought God to have mercy upon her and deliver her from her enemies.

And as citizens of the United States you should take a patriotic part in every measure that contributes to the progress of the Commonwealth. No man liveth to himself alone, nor can any man shirk his responsibility. No matter how humble may be our station, our country will be either a little better or a little worse because we have lived.

At the present moment there are three political problems which are engaging the serious attention of our public men.

It is proposed that United States Senators should be elected by popular vote, instead of being chosen by the Legislature, as is prescribed by the Constitution.

It is proposed that the Acts of our Legislature, before they have the force of law, should be submitted to the suffrage of our people who would have the right of veto.

It is proposed to recall or remove an unpopular judge before the expiration of his term of office.

No one questions the ability, the sincerity and patriotism of the advocates of these changes in our organic laws. But I hope I may not be presumptuous in saying that, in my opinion, the wisdom of the proposed amendments must be seriously questioned.

The election of Senators by the votes of the

people involves the destruction of a strong bulwark against dangerous popular encroachments. The reason given for the contemplated change is that many of our State Legislatures are charged with being venal, and that it is easier to corrupt the Legislature than the whole people. In reply I would say: If you can not trust the members of the Legislature, how can you trust their constituents from whom they spring? If you can not confide in our Legislatures, you can not confide in human government, nor in human nature itself. If a few of our Legislatures have been found guilty of bribery, it is most unjust to involve all the others in their condemnation. I have sufficient confidence in the moral integrity of our Legislatures to be convinced that the great majority of them have never bent the knee to Mammon.

To give to the masses the right of annulling the Acts of the Legislature, is to substitute mob law for established rule.

To recall a judge because his decisions do not meet with popular approval, is an insult to the dignity, the independence, and the self-respect of our judiciary. Far less menacing to the Commonwealth is an occasional corrupt or incompetent judge, than one who would be the habitual slave of a capricious multitude, and who would have his ear to the ground to catch the popular cry.

The Constitution of the United States is the

palladium of our liberties and our landmark in our march of progress. That instrument has been framed by the anxious cares and enlightened zeal of the Fathers of the Republic. Its wisdom has been tested and successfully proved after a trial of a century and a quarter. It has weathered the storms of the century which is passed, and it should be trusted for the centuries to come. What has been good enough for our fathers ought to be good enough for us. Every change, either in the political or religious world, is not a reformation.

"Better to bear the ills we know, than fly to those we know not of." Do not disturb the political landmarks of the republic.

ARCHBISHOP KATZER'S RECEPTION OF PALLIUM

ADDRESS AT ARCHBISHOP KATZER'S RECEPTION OF THE PALLIUM, AUGUST 20, 1890.

I CORDIALLY congratulate you, most Reverend Father, on the well-merited distinction conferred on you in your elevation to the Episcopal throne once occupied by your two venerated Predecessors whose names are enshrined in the hearts of the people of this archdiocese.

Of your immediate Predecessor, Most Rev. Michael Heiss, it is quite unnecessary for me to speak, for his virtues and good deeds are still fresh in the momory of my hearers. I will simply remark that he left the impress of his learning as well as of his modest demeanor on the Prelates of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore.

But I am impelled to say a few words about the first Metropolitan of this diocese, Archbishop Henni, whose placid features are indelibly stamped on my heart and for whom I conceived a profound admiration since I met him for the first time in 1866. Bishop Henni attended the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in that year, and as I

was an official of that Council, I had the privilege of assisting at its business sessions. I was struck by the respect and veneration in which the Bishop was held by his colleagues. They regarded him as a saint. His labors as the pioneer apostle of Wisconsin had gone before him; and if my memory serves me right, the assembled Bishops recommended to the Holy Father that Milwaukee should be erected to a Metropolitan See, as a tribute of homage to the zeal and piety of its first Bishop.

When this See was created, streams of immigrants, chiefly from Germany and Ireland, were steadily flowing into Wisconsin which then comprised the diocese of Milwaukee.

The young Bishop surveyed the vast field with an eagle eye. He bought property in localities where towns were likely to be established, and thus by his foresight he made timely provision for the future spiritual needs of the State.

We have only to contemplate the scene before us today to be convinced that the Catholic Church of America is a family derived from many nations. It reminds us of the heterogeneous multitude that were assembled on the day of Pentecost, and who all heard, each one in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God proclaimed by the Apostles.

Not so varied was the audience that listened to the Apostles on Pentecost day, as are the congregations that arrive at our shores and kneel to-

gether at our altars. Many come to us from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Italy, Poland, Bohemia, Belgium and Holland, and commingle together in prayer with the great American Catholic body, that holds out to them the right hand of fellowship. Differing in language, in habits and tastes, they all are united in the bonds of a common religion, having "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all Who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

But thanks to God, the Catholic Church of America is united not only by the bonds of a common faith, but what is more precious, it is united also by the bond of Christian brotherhood.

I venture to say that in no country in Christendom are the members of the hierarchy more united and more compact, there are none who enjoy more intimate and cordial relations with one another, than the hierarchy of the United States. This fraternal feeling is all the more to be admired, as a large proportion of the Bishops of the country are descended from different nations of Europe.

What a striking illustration of this brotherly spirit was exhibited at the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884, when seventy-five Bishops assembled together in Solemn Council to establish disciplinary laws for the Church in the United States. Well could the prelates gathered together

chant the words of the Royal Prophet: "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

This brotherly sentiment was perhaps still more strikingly manifested at the recent Centennial celebration in Baltimore, in 1889, for on that occasion eighty-five bishops met together, not in obedience to the command of a higher authority, but inspired by the warm impulses of their own hearts, to commemorate with gladness the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in our cherished land one hundred years before.

And do we not find around us today another evidence of these same cordial relations when we contemplate so many bishops and priests, coming from different and remote parts of the country, and uniting to pay honor to the distinguished prelate whom the Sovereign Pontiff has placed over this flourishing archidiocese of Milwaukee.

Woe to him, my brethren, who would destroy or impair this blessed harmony that reigns among us! Woe to him who would sow tares of discord in the fair fields of the Church of America! Woe to him who would breed dissension among the leaders of Israel by introducing a spirit of nationalism into the camps of the Lord! Brothers we are, whatever may be our nationality, and brothers we shall remain—we will prove to our countrymen that the ties formed by grace and faith are

stronger than flesh and blood—God and our country! This our watchword—Loyalty to God's Church and to our country!—this our religious and political faith.

Let us unite hand in hand in laboring for the Church of our fathers. The more we extend the influence of the Christian religion, the more we will contribute to the stability of our political and social fabric. Let zeal for religion ever burn in our hearts. Let us so work for God that the words of the Psalmist may apply to each of us: "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."

Next to love for God, should be our love for our country. The Author of our being has stamped in the human breast a love for one's country, and therefore patriotism is a sentiment commended by Almighty God Himself. If the inhabitant of the Artic regions clings to his country though living amid perpetual ice and snow, how much more should we be attached to this land of ours so bountifully favored by heaven, and if the Apostles inculcated respect for their rulers, and obedience to the laws of the Roman Empire, though these laws were often framed for the purpose of crushing and exterminating the primitive Christians, how much more devoted should we be to our civil government which protects us in our person and property, without interfering with our rights and liberties, and with what alacrity we should observe the laws

of our country which were framed solely with the view of promoting our peace and happiness!

The Catholic community in the United States has been conspicuous for its loyalty in the century that has passed away; and we, I am sure, will emulate the patriotism of our Fathers in the faith.

Let us glory in the title of American citizen. We owe our allegiance to one country, and that country is America. We must be in harmony with our political institutions. It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or the land of our adoption. It is the land of our destiny. Here we intend to live and here we hope to die. When our brethren across the Atlantic resolve to come to our shores, may they be animated by the sentiments of Ruth when she determined to join her husband's kindred in the land of Israel, and may they say to you, as she said to her relations: "Whither thou hast gone, I also shall go—where thou dwellest, I also shall dwell, thy people shall be my people—and thy God, my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die, and there will I be buried."

And now, Most Reverend Father in Christ, permit me to felicitate you on this auspicious occasion, or rather to congratulate the archdiocese over which the Holy See, through the voice of Peter's successor, has been pleased to appoint you. The Pallium with which I had the honor to invest you

today is a sacred emblem of your enlarged jurisdiction and of the more intimate relations which will bind you to the Apostolic See.

I am sure you will prove yourself eminently worthy of the new honor which has been conferred on you and that you will exhibit towards the Chair of Peter and towards the person of the Soverign Pontiff the same loyalty, reverence and filial affection which have marked your career as a priest, a professor and a Bishop of the Church of God.

In the wider field of labor over which Providence has set you, you will have more ample scope for the exercise of those talents and gifts of eloquence with which God has endowed you—you will be a Father to all your children in Christ, and whatever special love you may naturally have, like Jacob for Joseph and Benjamin, will not diminish your affection for their brethren.

And I have no doubt that your clergy and people will continue to exercise towards you that loyalty, obedience and generous co-operation which they have ever manifested towards your predecessors in the See of Milwaukee. They will hold up your hands as the children of Israel held up the hands of Moses; they will stand around you like valiant soldiers; they will rejoice in your prosperity and grieve at every adversity that may befall you. They will take a loyal, personal and warm interest in every work you may undertake in the cause

of charity and religion and for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

The most acceptable prayer that I can offer for your Grace is this: May you emulate the apostolic virtues of your venerable predecessors. May you receive their double spirit, and may their mantle fall upon you as the mantle of Elias fell on Eliseus. May you walk in their footsteps and leave the impress of your good deeds on the Archdiocese as they have done. May you build on the broad and deep foundations which they have laid, and when your work is done may you hear the voice of our Divine Redeemer say to you, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH

SERMON ON THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH, DELIVERED AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD., MARCH 19, 1878.

Joseph "was a just man." St. Matt. 1, 19.

THE most beautiful and fragrant flowers are sometimes found to grow on mountain slopes, and enrich by their sweet odor the air of heaven, where there is no human hand to pluck them, nor human breath to tarnish their lustre. What we say of flowers in the physical world, we may apply to St. Joseph in the order of grace. He is truly that chaste flower planted by the hand of God in the secluded garden of Nazareth, and delighting the angels and the Lord of Angels by the sweet odor of his virtues. Hence St. Joseph is very appropriately represented to us by painters as bearing in his hand a pure-white lily to denote the angelic sanctity of his life which was never sullied by contact with the world.

It is worthy of remark how God has often concealed from public knowledge the history of many men most eminent for their holiness, lest perhaps the fame of their virtues should kindle in their

soul the spark of vain glory, or deprive them of that simplicity of heart and purity of intention in which their heavenly Spouse takes so much delight. Such is the peculiarity which we discover in the life of that illustrious Patriarch whose Patronage we celebrate today.

No human eye was worthy to penetrate into the sanctuary of Joseph. No human witness was worthy of intruding on the sanctity of the house of Nazareth. No ordinary pen was fit to record the virtues of that divine Family upon earth. That privilege was reserved for the Spirit of God Himself. The Holy Ghost is the only historian worthy of Joseph. By the pen of the Evangelist He has pronounced the eulogy of your patron Saint in these few but comprehensive words of the Gospel which tells us that "Joseph was a just man."

And yet, my Brethren, though the life of Joseph was so hidden and so retired, I venture to say that his example gives consolation and encouragement to a greater number of souls than any Saint in the calendar; more even than the brilliant life of St. Paul; for while few are able or obliged to imitate the heroic virtues of the Apostle of the Gentiles, most of you lead domestic lives and are called upon to practise the *domestic* virtues of Joseph.

And how consoling it is to think that without going beyond the pale of your legitimate duties,

you may, like Joseph, attain the highest degree of sanctity!

St. Joseph was born of a very noble family, being descended from the kings of Juda. He had the honor of numbering among his ancestors the illustrious and pious king David. But it was not the royal origin of Joseph that rendered him so acceptable to Almighty God but the singular holiness of his life. Nor would he ever have found a place in the calendar of the Saints, nor would the Church celebrate his name on her altars throughout the Christian world today, if he had no other claim to our respect than his exalted lineage; for the Church honors virtue wherever she finds it, whether in the huts of rustics or the palaces of kings. The Church, like God Himself, has no distinction of persons. All are equal before her eyes. Virtue is her only standard of excellence. Today she honors the prince on her altars; tomorrow, the peasant.

There is no virtue, peculiar to his state, which did not shine forth in our great Saint, for the title of "just," which he received from the Holy Ghost, expresses a reunion of all gifts and graces. Joseph fulfilled all justice towards *God;* towards *Jesus;* towards *Mary.*

It is in accordance with the dispensations of a wise Providence, that whenever God wishes to employ His servants in some great and holy un-

dertaking, He gives them the necessary graces to fulfil the exalted station to which He assigns them. Thus He sanctified St. John the Baptist from his very birth, because he was to be the Precursor of Our Lord. Thus also did He confirm the Apostles in grace, because they were to be the founders of His Church. Thus did He select Mary, the purest of the daughters of Israel, and bestowed upon her the plentitude of His grace, because she was destined to be the Mother of the Incarnate Word. And in like manner, we must piously believe that God enriched the soul of Joseph with extraordinary sanctity when He appointed him to be that faithful and prudent servant who was placed over His Divine Family on earth—Joseph who was constituted the guide and guardian of His Son Jesus; the shadow of His Providence and representative of His authority. For, if so much sanctity was required of the Baptist who came to prepare the way of the Lord; if the Apostles were endowed with so much grace because they were the first heralds of His Gospel and pillars of His Church, surely the highest order of moral rectitude must be found in him who was chosen to be the companion of Jesus for thirty years.

We generally judge of the character of a man by the company he keeps. How could Joseph have lived for so many years with that divine family without catching, as it were, the contagion of their

virtues! It was impossible for Joseph to have stood so long near Jesus, that fire of divine love, without being warmed by the heavenly breath which breathed upon him every day.

If Zacheus, mentioned in the Gospel, was sanctified because Our Lord was pleased once to be his Guest, how exalted must be the holiness of Joseph who *dwelt* under the same roof with Jesus for thirty years; who watched the Child with more than paternal fondness, as He "advanced in grace and wisdom and years before God and men"; who looked on while the Infant was developing into childhood; the Child into Boyhood; and the Boy into Manhood.

We know from the Gospel that virtue went out from Jesus to heal the multitudes. As a delicious flower exhales sweet odors, so did the body of Jesus exhale the sweet odor of virtue. The woman in the Gospel was cured of her infirmity by the very touch of the hem of His garment. How pure then in body and soul must Joseph have been, who so often nursed the Infant Child, caressed Him in his arms, and pressed the Divine Countenance to his lips!

If our Divine Saviour tells us that even a cup of cold water given in His Name to a stranger, will have its reward, what recompense will He consider too great for Joseph who *supported* Our Saviour

Himself by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow.

St. Luke informs us that when two of the disciples of our Lord were going to Emmaus after the Resurrection, Jesus appeared to them and conversed with them for sometime without making Himself known to them. After He had eaten with them, He vanished from their sight. Then they said to each other, "Was not our heart burning within us while He was speaking on the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" If the hearts of these two disciples were warmed with the love of God, after having held that short conversation with Our Lord and enjoying His blessed company at one meal, must not the heart of Joseph been inflamed with more than a seraph's love, when we remember the many days and nights they sat, ate and conversed together beneath the same roof. How many draughts of divine love did not the holy Patriarch drink in, while he listened day by day to the words of heavenly wisdom which fell from the lips of his adopted Child. If the words of Jesus read in the Gospel have so much efficacy, how much greater was their influence coming fresh from the lips of the oracle of truth! Learn like St. Joseph, to listen with docility to Jesus whether He speaks to you by private inspiration, in a book, or in a sermon, and like Joseph you will soon find the spark of charity kindled in your breast.

Companion of Mary.

St. Joseph was the daily companion not only of Jesus, but also of Mary. Many of you know from experience the elevating and sanctifying influence of a wife's example. You have felt how she imperceptibly forms and moulds you into better and holier men. If such is the ascendency of an ordinary wife, what effect must Mary's silent but eloquent example have exercised on the susceptible and pious mind of Joseph. You esteem it a favor to be called the clients and servants of Mary. It is the highest ambition of your daughters to be enrolled among the Children of Mary. Imagine then the dignity of Joseph in being chosen above all others to be the chaste spouse of Mary, the conjugal partner of her joys and sorrows. You recognize the privilege conferred on St. John when you hear Our Saviour say to him from the Cross: "Son, behold thy Mother." But if it was a great honor to John to be appointed by our Lord the Protector of His Mother in her declining years, how much more glorious was the prerogative of Joseph who was constituted the chaste Guardian of her more youthful days!

Truly does Joseph deserve to be called "that faithful and prudent servant whom the Lord placed over His family." The most eminent qualities that can distinguish a guardian are: 1. Obe-

dience to the instructions of the master that employs him. 2. Solicitude for those placed under his charge. 3. Wisdom and discretion in governing them.

Such are the three qualities which characterized St. Joseph in his government of the Holy Family, as we find from the Gospel.

1. Joseph has left us a striking instance of his prompt obedience to his divine Master, under the most trying circumstances. King Herod issues a decree commanding all the children of Israel under two years of age to be put to death, intending thereby to involve the Infant Saviour in the common slaughter of the Innocents. God appears to Joseph at the dead of night; commands him to leave his home at once, and set out for Egypt, with Mary and the Infant Jesus. The simple-hearted Patriarch obeys without a moment's hesitation. He does not plead as an excuse, the unseasonable hour of the night, or the unpropitious season of the year. He does not say: How can I venture on such a long journey with scant means! How can my tender spouse, or still more tender child bear the hardships of travel? How can I enter into a country to which I am a stranger by birth, a stranger in language and in religion?

The obedience of Joseph can only be compared to that of Abraham, to which, in many of its circumstances, it bears a striking resemblance. God

appears to Abraham and commands him to sacrifice his only son Isaac. The Patriarch without hesitation proceeds to fulfil the divine command, till the uplifted sword is arrested by the hand of an angel. Like Abraham who went to sacrifice his son on the Mountain of Vision, Joseph is ready to sacrifice his comforts and his life on the altar of obedience.

God calls every one of us, as He called Joseph, to a trial of obedience. He gives every one of us a mission to fulfil. No matter then how difficult may be the task assigned to us; no matter how rugged the journey of life before us; no matter how dark and threatening the clouds that overhang our path, let us go forth with confidence, having Joseph's example before our eyes. When the voice of duty or obedience speaks to us, let us fear nothing; for, God Who calls us, will bring light out of darkness; joy out of sorrow; he will make the rough ways smooth. "Though we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy."

2. We may form some conception of the love and solicitude of Joseph for his adopted Son by the sorrow he experienced when he missed the Child Jesus returning from the Temple of Jerusalem to Nazareth.

For, the affection he had for his heavenly Ward was measured by the anguish he endured when the Child was separated from him. As soon as the

parents of Jesus discover that He is not in the company of the pious pilgrims, they instantly retrace their steps, and having at length found Him, they give vent to their sorrow in these words of tender complaint which Mary addressed to Jesus: "Son, why hast Thou done so to us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

3. There is one little fact mentioned in the Gospel which places Joseph on a pinnacle of sanctity which was, perhaps, never attained by any human being, if we except Mary, his Immaculate Spouse. Our Blessed Lord, as you know, though clothed in human flesh, was not only man, but also God. His will was, therefore, in perfect conformity with the will of His heavenly Father. Jesus could do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, but what was in accordance with His Father's wishes. Now what does the Gospel tell us? It expressly declares that Jesus was subject to Mary and Joseph. "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to them." He obeyed them as a dutiful child obeys his father. He was attentive to all their behests. He submitted to every duty which they imposed on Him. He satisfied their every desire. What conclusion must we draw from this consideration? The necessary conclusion is that Joseph was a man of unparalleled sanctity: that all his admonitions were stamped with the seal of divine approbation. In a word, that he never

sinned in commanding since Jesus could not sin in obeying. Do we not see that the voice of Joseph was the echo of the voice of God since the Divine Son fulfilled no precept of the earthly parent which was not approved by the Eternal Father in Heaven?

Yes, O holy Patriarch, thou art elevated not only above men, but even above the angelic choirs. For to which of the angels, or archangels, or principalities or powers did God give authority over His Son? To none. They all minister to Him and in His presence they stand in awe. Truly then, O privileged Saint, may we apply to thee those words of Holy Scripture: "No one was found like to thee who hast kept the law of the Most High."

On this day which is dedicated to the Patronage of St. Joseph, invoke the intercession, ask the protection of your great Patron for yourselves and for your families.

Joseph can *hear* your prayers; he can *assist* you, and he is *most willing* to aid you.

Our knowledge is very limited. We see with our eyes, we hear with our ears. But the Saints in Heaven see all things in God as in a mirror. "There shall be joy in Heaven, among the blessed, upon one sinner doing penance." How could the Blessed rejoice in the conversion of a sinner, unless they know what he does, what he says and what he thinks; for, conversion is the work of

the heart. And if, my Brethren, the humblest inhabitant of Heaven standing at the foot of God's Throne is not ignorant of our condition, how intimate must be Joseph's knowledge of our wants, who, while on earth, was intrusted with the secrets of the Incarnate Word.

The Saints can aid us by their prayers, and therefore Joseph can. We read in the Scriptures that when the children of Israel were contending against the enemies of God's people, while Josue fought in the valley, Moses prayed on the mountain, and Moses did more by his silent prayer than Josue did with his sword. If the intercession of Moses was so efficacious against the visible enemies of God's people, how much more powerful will be the prayer of Joseph against our invisible foes; if Moses on the *earthly* mountain had so much influence, how much greater is that of Joseph on the *Mountain of God* in Heaven. If Moses the servant had so much power, how much greater is that of the Foster-father, Protector and Guardian of our Divine Lord. Jesus, in ascending to Heaven, has not forgotten his earthly protector. In that blessed abode He still retains His Humanity as well as His Divinity, His early love, gratitude and filial obedience. As He loved and obeyed Joseph on earth, He still loves and listens to him in Heaven.

And, my brethren, need I tell you that Joseph

loves to serve you? "Will a father forget his children, or a mother the fruit of her womb?" Even so, Joseph will not forget you. He loves you as tenderly as the Patriarch Joseph, the son of Jacob, loved his brethren. And as the Patriarch Joseph embraced his brothers in the land of Egypt and satisfied their wants, so will the second Joseph embrace you and fill you with good things. You are his brethren; you are his Benjamins for you are the last born family of God.

Pray then to Joseph to obtain for you: 1. An increase of divine favors; or if you have lost grace by sin, ask for a return of His divine gifts. Our Lord was carried off from His home in Nazareth to escape the vengeance of Herod; and it was only at the death of that impious prince that He was restored to His home by St. Joseph, and peace reigned in the land.

Perhaps some tyrant passion more hateful to Our Lord than Herod was, has forced Him to depart from our soul which He would wish to make his true habitation. Perhaps the kingdom within us is now desolate without Him. Let us remember that while Herod rules over us, Christ will not return. We should then dethrone this monster and invite our true King to rule over us, invoking the aid of Joseph to help us in dethroning the one and enthroning the other; thus bringing Jesus back to our hearts, as he brought Him back to

Nazareth. Then we shall enjoy the empire of peace.

2. Pray for a happy death. "All is well that ends well." Joseph is the Patron of a happy death. He died in the arms of Jesus. Pray that the Spirit of Our Lord may be with you at that critical moment which will decide your eternal destiny. The best prayer I can offer for you is this: "May your soul die the death of the just man (Joseph) and may your last end be like unto his."

APOSTOLIC MISSION OF IRISH RACE

ST. PATRICK

THE APOSTOLIC MISSION OF THE IRISH RACE.*

"I have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit; and that your fruit should remain." St. John xv. 16.

IT used to be a time honored practice of the American people up to a half century ago in many parts of the country, to have the Declaration of Independence read before them on the Fourth of July, in order that the spirit of patriotism might be stirred up in their breasts, and that they might have a deeper love and reverence for their free institutions which were purchased for them by the wisdom and heroism of their ancestors.

I hope that the gradual decay of this laudable custom has not diminished in the hearts of our countrymen their veneration for this immortal proclamation of political faith.

So do you, my Brethren, annually meet, as you do today, in the house of God to revive in your

* Preached in St. Patrick's Church, Baltimore, March 17, 1871

hearts the love of religion and of fatherland, by celebrating the praises of the illustrious Saint through whose labors your ancestors passed from idolatry to the worship of the true God, from barbarism to civilization, and from the state of spiritual bondage to the enjoyment of the glorious liberty of the children of God.

On this hallowed day, wherever an Irishman is to be found (and where is he not found), he can truly say in the language of the Mantuan poet: *"Quaenam regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"* (What land on earth has not reaped the fruit of our labors?)—wherever he is, whether under the burning sun of the tropics, or amid the snows of the Artic regions, whether in the wilds of Australia, or in the forests of America, on the shores of the Atlantic or the Pacific—on this day he thinks of "Auld Lang Syne." To his native land he says with heartfelt emotion:

> "Where e'er I roam, whatever lands I see,
> My heart still fondly turns to thee."

Like the children of Israel exiled from their native home, Jerusalem, as they sat by the rivers of Babylon, and wept when they remembered Sion, so do you revisit in spirit today the land of your childhood, the home of your fathers. You walk through the daisied fields of your native soil. Or

perhaps you tread with reverent footsteps the venerable graveyard; you stand by the cross which marks the spot where lie the remains of your father and mother, while you shed tears of gratitude to their memory, and offer a prayer for their immortal spirits.

St. Patrick was born in Scotland, as is now generally believed, though Gaul also claims the honor of having given birth to your Apostle. His early life like that of many other distinguished men is more or less clouded in obscurity.

Twice during his youthful years he was reduced to servitude in Ireland. Having escaped from his Pagan master, he was inspired by a special visitation of divine grace to consecrate himself to the sacred ministry. He afterwards visited Gaul and Italy, and received episcopal consecration from the hands of Saint Maximus, Bishop of Turin. He was commissioned to preach the Gospel to the Irish by Pope St. Celestine who then governed the universal Church. His labors, as every one knows, were crowned with almost unprecedented success.

II.

The conversion of Ireland is marked by four characteristics which have scarcely a parallel in the whole range of ecclesiastical history. The con-

version of the people was *sudden.* It was affected *without bloodshed.* It has been productive of the *most abundant fruits.* The spark of faith, once planted in their hearts, has *never been extinguished.*

Never did any Apostle more literally fulfil the commands of our Saviour: "I have appointed you that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

Like Cæsar, he could say: "I came, I saw, I conquered." But more favored than Cæsar, the fruit of Patrick's victory still remains. There is no one now to reverence Cæsar's name, while millions of Patrick's children rise up today and call him blessed.

No people were ever converted with greater rapidity than the Irish race. I shall not stop here to ask whether their prompt acceptance of the Gospel was due to the extraordinary zeal of the preacher, or to the pliant and receptive disposition of the hearers. I am convinced that both causes concurred in producing the harvest of souls. The seed was good and it fell on rich soil. St. Patrick succeeded, in the early days of his ministry, in converting several of the kings of the different septs, and their example exerted a salutary influence on the people, and tended strongly to facilitate their entrance into the fold of Christ.

III.

The conversion of Ireland was affected without bloodshed. The Apostles of other nations had to seal the Gospel with their blood before it bore fruit in the hearts of the people. "The blood of martyrs was the seed of Christians." The pioneer missionaries of America and of China, as well as the first Apostles of Continental Europe, generally sacrificed their lives in the cause of Christianity before their labors were crowned with success.

But to the honor of Ireland be it said that her children were never stained with the blood of martyrs. St. Patrick gained over them a bloodless as well as a rapid victory.

This was a happy period of the nation's existence when, like Adam fresh from the hands of his Creator, the people just emerged from the dark night of Paganism to the admirable light of the Gospel. They all believed the same truths, worshipped at the same altar. Their songs of praise to God went forth from one end of the Island to the other. Charity overspread the land. Religious bigotry—that bane of society—was unknown. The foot of the invader had not yet oppressed their soil; the apple of discord had not been thrown among them to divide their counsels and array them against each other.

IV.

The conversion of the nation bore abundant fruit. So numerous and so flourishing were the religious institutions which sprang up on the Island that it has been justly called "the Island of Saints" (*Insula Sanctorum*). The venerable monuments scattered over the country, and imposing even in their ruins, attest the splendor of her ancient churches and monasteries.

Ireland deserves also the title of Island of "learned men", (Insula Doctorum). During the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Centuries, Europe was devastated by hordes of barbarians who rushed like a torrent from the north, carrying with them ruin and devastation everywhere. The Goths and Vandals invaded Italy. The Saracens overran Spain. The Anglo-Saxons took possession of England, routing the native Britons.

During these disorders and revolutions, literature was abandoned and religion was more or less neglected, for "during war laws and letters are silent."

Meantime Ireland was in the enjoyment of comparative peace and devoted herself to the pursuits of science. While the sons of Europe and Britain buckled on the sword, the sons of Ireland were wielding "the pen which is mightier than the

sword." The consequence was that a multitude of young men flocked from the continent and England to Ireland, to pursue in peace the paths of literature which were closed to them in their own countries.

The Venerable Bede informs us that poor scholars were not only educated gratuitously in Ireland, but that they were also supplied with books and board, free of all expense. Indeed a temporary residence in Ireland was then considered almost indispensable to acquire literary fame.

But Irish saints and scholars were not content with fanning the flame of religion and knowledge in their own country, they also carried the torch of faith and science to the most distant parts of Europe. Irish missionaries could be found on the banks of the Danube and in the Apennines. They spread the Gospel in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Gaul, Switzerland, the Low Countries, and even in Britain.

And is not Ireland repeating today for the United States what she has already accomplished for Europe? Is not this country chiefly indebted to her for its faith? There are few churches erected from Maine to California, from Canada to Mexico which Irish hands have not helped to build, which Irish purses have not supported, and in which Irish hearts are not found worshipping.

She contributes not only to the *materiel* but also to the *personnel* of the Church in this country. A large proportion of our Bishops and clergy are of Irish origin or descent.

Children of Erin, whatever may be said of Irish misrule which has led to so much forced emigration, adore in silence the mysterious providence of God who has been pleased to make you the instruments of His mercy in the propagation of the Gospel throughout the land! Say with Joseph banished to Egypt: "It is not by the counsel of men that we are sent hither, but by the will of God Who hath made us," His humble agents in the salvation of souls.

God so directs human events as to make even our calamities and humiliations stepping-stones to our future elevation. Had the Trojan war never occurred and had the inhabitants of Troy remained in peaceful possessison of their native soil from which they were expelled, they would never with Æneas at their head, have taken a leading part in founding the Roman Empire.

In like manner, if the people of Ireland had not been the victims of long misrule, and if they had not suffered from dire poverty at home, they would not have contributed so effectually to the establishment and prosperity of the greatest Republic in the world. Her sons and daughters

would not be as they are today the providential agents in the development of the Republic, in this hemisphere, and in upbuilding the walls of Sion.

How applicable to the Irish race are these words which Tobias addressed to his Hebrew countrymen exiled in Nineveh: "Give glory to the Lord, ye children of Israel, and praise Him in the sight of the Gentiles. Because He has therefore scattered you among the Gentiles who know Him not, that you may declare His wonderful works, and make them know that there is no other Almighty God besides Him."

If you are denied the privilege of placing the harp—your national emblem—over the garrisons and public buildings of your fair land, to you is assigned among all the nations of the earth, the higher honor of planting the cross, the banner of salvation, in many countries throughout the globe.

To whom then can I apply with more propriety than to you those words of St. Peter: "You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that you may declare His virtues Who hath called you out of darkness to His admirable light."

And may I not say in a literal sense what St. Paul in a qualified sense affirmed of the Romans: "I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ, that your faith is spoken of in the whole world."

V.

But what is to the immortal credit of Ireland, the faith once established, took such deep root in the hearts of the people that *it never could be uprooted,* but continues as fresh and green as the hills of their own Emerald Isle.

"Alone", says Lord Macauley, the English historian, "among the Northern nations, the Irish adhered to the ancient Church."

The great religious Revolution of the Sixteenth Century swept like a torrent over Northern Europe, drawing several nations into the vortex of total or partial apostacy from the faith, and carrying spiritual desolation to millions of souls. More than half of Germany followed the new teachings of Luther and his disciples. Switzerland yielded to the doctrines of Zwinglius. The faith of Sweden was lost through the unsparing sword of her King, Gustavus Vasa. Denmark exchanged the old for the new religion through the intrigues of King Christian II. Catholicity was crushed in Norway and Iceland. Henry VIII succeeded in establishing the new Gospel in England, while John Knox was the standard-bearer of heresy in Scotland. Calvinism had gained such a foothold in France that the faith of that Catholic nation trembled in the balance.

How did Ireland fare all this time?

"Oft doomed to death, though fated not to die." Though tried as no other nation was tried before, she passed through the terrible ordeal, like the three children in the fiery furnace, with the garment of faith as pure and unsullied as when she was enrobed with it on the day of her baptism.

And yet in no other nation was persecution more violent and more protracted than in Ireland. For three hundred years she had to resist the oppression of the most powerful nation on the face of the earth.

I shall not occupy your time nor harrow your feelings by giving you a detailed account of the religious persecutions your country suffered during the last three centuries. I shall content myself with a passing review of the trials she endured during the Cromwellian invasion of the Seventeenth Century. The few facts I shall present are quoted exclusively from English writers who are above the suspicion of partiality.

The policy of Cromwell whose name was the incarnation of all that was heartless and cruel, was to depopulate Ireland of its Catholic race, and to colonize it with a people of a different country and religion. Forty thousand brave officers and men, the bone and sinew of the land, were compelled to seek refuge in France, in Spain, Austria, and the Republic of Venice, where they

fought with proverbial valor in defense of their adopted countries, and where some of their descendants are to this day holding the highest posts of distinction. At a subsequent period when England and France were contending in battle at Fontenoy, and when Irish valor at a critical moment turned the scales of victory on the side of France, George II is reported to have exclaimed: "Cursed be those laws which have robbed me of such subjects." * Sixty thousand women and children were driven to the seashore, packed in ships and sent to the West Indies and the American Colonies. Cromwell in the meantime invited the Puritans of New England to settle in Ireland, an offer which they declined to accept.

The large landed proprietors that remained at home were deprived of their possessions, and many of them put to death. No member of the proscribed religion was permitted to live in any town or garrison. They were forbidden under penalty of high treason to assemble in greater numbers than four. They were not allowed to carry or to possess arms. If they crossed the prescribed limits, they were liable to be shot without process of law.

Education was denied them unless attended with loss of faith. Insult was added to injury. The

* Bruodin estimates the number at 100,000.

people were robbed of their possessions, and then taunted for their poverty. They were deprived of the facility of education, and then insulted for their want of learning. They were forbidden to carry arms, and then charged with disloyalty.

The clergy of Ireland met with a much worse fate than the laity. If the people were beaten with rods, the clergy were scourged with scorpions. They were ordered to quit the country within twenty days under pain of death. Candidates for the priesthood were obliged to pursue their studies in foreign seminaries. Archbishop McHale, consecrated in 1825, was the first Prelate since the Reformation who received all his education in his native land. Any clergyman that dared to return to Ireland forfeited his life. Whoever harbored a priest, suffered death, and whoever knew his hiding place and did not reveal it, had both his ears cut off.

Oh! how well doth the description given by St. Paul of the Saints of the Old Law, apply to those Irish Confessors of the faith: "They were racked, not accepting deliverance, that they might find a better resurrection. They were stoned, they were cut asunder. They were tempted. They were put to death by the sword. They wandered about, being in want, distressed, afflicted, wandering in deserts, in mountains and in the caves of the earth."

And yet, although the monasteries and religious houses of Ireland were leveled to the ground, to the number, it is estimated, of six hundred, though the churches were destroyed or sequestered for Protestant worship; though every inducement was offered to attend the dominant church, and every penalty which ingenuity and malice could invent was inflicted on those who attended Catholic services; notwithstanding fines, imprisonment and death, England could not succeed in uprooting from the Irish heart his love for his religion and the sacred traditions of his country. Like the sturdy oak, the more it is exposed to the winds and storms the more firmly it is embedded in the ground; so was the national faith more firmly planted in the hearts of the people, the more they were assailed by the storms of persecution. Robbed of everything else, of possessions, of liberty, of life, your forefathers clung with death-like tenacity to the precious jewel of faith, clasping it in their last breath, as the dying soldier embraces in the battlefield the image of his mother hanging about his neck.

Rest assured, my Brethren, that no amount of tyranny can rob you of your Christian heritage if you are determined to preserve it from the assaults of error.

VI.

After the long night of civil and religious disabilities, privations and persecutions, a brighter and happier day, thank God, has dawned on your native land.

For several decades of years, Ireland has been steadily progressing in her political, economic and religious spheres of activity.

English and Irish statesmen have labored successfully in remedying the vicious laws inflicted on the nation by their predecessors. They have been gradually removing the shackles from her feet. They have given heart to the people by obtaining for them a larger measure of political freedom. They have relieved the native population of the intolerable incubus of an alien church, and have eradicated once for all, the gross injustice under which they had chafed for centuries. The righteous indignation felt towards their former taskmasters should now give place to a noble sense of gratitude towards the present rulers and legislators of the British Empire.

British and Irish statesmen have almost succeeded in making the Home Rule bill an accomplished fact. By this measure, the people of Ireland will be at liberty to develop their country's resources by prompt domestic legislation, instead

of awaiting the tedious and irritating process of a British Act of Parliament.

By the Land Act, the Government is steadily and peaceably restoring to the peasantry the ownership of their native soil of which their fathers had been violently dispossessed. The tenants, by a bloodless revolution, are being quietly transformed into land-owners on terms easy to be fulfilled, so that now they can truly say: "This is *our* own, our native land."

This new proprietorship inspires them with an incentive to thrift and industry, giving them a sense of security and contentment unknown before.

I cannot recall any benevolent legislation which has contributed more than the Land Act to weld together the twin sister Isles in the bonds of lasting friendship and enlightened co-operation.

I had the pleasure within the last few months of spending some weeks in Ireland and I witnessed the most manifest signs of religious progress, especially in church building. I saw the indomitable priests and laity erecting schools, convents and houses of worship alongside of the ruined monuments of former days, just as the people of Israel after their captivity, rebuilt the new Temple of Jerusalem on the ruins of the old. And what is still more gratifying, these structures are fully equal in dimensions and architectural elegance to the most stately temples of Ireland's best days.

Thus after a fierce struggle of three hundred years' duration, we behold Ireland today as strong in faith as she ever was, and worshipping in more imposing churches than she ever enjoyed before.

The history of your country is inseparable from her Christianity; hence you cannot be true to your Fatherland without being loyal to your Religion. You cannot record a glorious page of Irish history without recording at the same time the sufferings and triumphs of the Irish Church.

The Catholic religion is as intimately interwoven with the annals of Ireland as the golden threads which are interlaced in a garment of cloth. And as the fibres of the gold give beauty and brilliancy to the tissue, so the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland intertwined in her secular history, impart to it a thrilling interest and brighten every page.

Tear from Irish history the golden annals of her religious struggles, her fiery persecutions, her triumphs of faith—leave these out, and Irish history becomes a thread-bare narrative without interest, without connection, without glory.

Ireland without her Church and her priests would be like Rome without St. Peter's majestic dome, or like that Basilica itself without its Supreme Pontiff.

Ireland without the Church would be like Jerusalem of old divested of her sacred Temple and her venerable High Priest. Ireland without the

Church would be like her own desecrated and ruined monasteries, stripped of her ancient glory, with altars dismantled, shorn of their interior beauty, with nothing of them left save tottering walls yielding to the decaying hand of time. In a word, the history of Ireland without her sacred traditions would be like the records of the Jewish nation with their religion left out. The Hebrew race are interesting to us not simply because they are descended from Abraham, or because they went down into Egypt, or because they settled in the Promised Land; but because they alone of all the nations of the earth preserved the true religion, and because amid all their faults, they still remembered Sion.

So are the people of Ireland interesting to us, because in every vicissitude they "kept the faith once delivered to the Saints," and because they displayed an indomitable religious heroism worthy of the primitive days of the Church.

Adhere then to the ancient faith and to her priests. Follow their counsels. They are your true friends. What motive can they have in misleading you? Do they not rejoice in your spiritual and temporal welfare? Is not your happiness identified with theirs? In the dreary days that have passed, the clergy were tried and not found wanting. When the storm of persecution swept over the Island, when the fierce passions of reli-

gious and national hate were let loose upon the soil; when ravenous wolves in the character of pursuivants and detectives thirsted for the blood of your ancestors, who was a more devoted friend to them than the priest of God? He was always in the thick of the battle.

And who in this land gives you more wholesome advice than your Pastor? He may sometimes say bitter things to you. But better is the rebuke of a friend than the deceitful flattery of an enemy.

Love then and cherish that faith which the ministers of God preach to you and for which your fathers suffered and laid down their lives. Imagine you behold your martyred sires rising from their graves, exhibiting those glorious wounds they received for God and country, and exhorting you like the mother of the Machabees to preserve intact that dear-bought inheritance of the Gospel for which they died.

Here, thank God, you are free to worship God according to the dictates of your conscience. But perhaps in this very security lies your greatest danger. For security begets indifference, and indifference is an atmosphere unhealthy to faith and piety. Hannibal and his army were unconquerable as long as they were exposed to the rigors of winter, and had the enemy before them, but the delicious climate and indolent luxury of Capua proved their ruin.

In conclusion, my Brethren, let me exhort you to exhibit yourselves always as upright citizens. The strength and security of this great Republic, of this State, and of our beautiful city depend on the moral rectitude, the civic virtues and the enterprising spirit of its citizens. Be temperate and industrious; practise piety towards God and good will towards men of every creed and nationality. While you will conscientiously adhere to your own religious principles, you will be forbearing to the opinions of others; and while you will show forth a sterling loyalty to the country of your adoption, you will treasure up in your heart a tender recollection of the land of your fathers.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, DELIVERED AT ST. PATRICK'S, WASHINGTON, APRIL 15, 1916.

IT is in all ways fitting that the celebration of this anniversary should begin with the most solemn act of Christian worship. As we glance back over twenty-five years and follow the growth of the Catholic University from its beginning on to the present, the first prompting of our hearts urges us to public acknowledgment of God's providential care and to the highest expression of our gratitude through the clean oblation that is offered upon this altar. Whatever has been accomplished by this institution for the advancement of religion or the diffusion of knowledge, whatever success has been won by teachers and students, whatever support has come to this work through zeal, self-sacrifice or generosity—all is due to Him for whose glory the University exists. To Him therefore we offer, through our High Priest, Jesus Christ, the tribute of our praise and thanksgiving. Here in His sanctuary we gather

to consecrate the results of our solicitude and effort and to implore the grace of His benediction upon all who have shared in our labors.

Under the Divine guidance, we are indebted to the Holy See, by whose authority the University was established and by whose direction its life has been fostered and invigorated. To those great Pontiffs of blessed memory, Leo XIII and Pius X, we owe the foundation and the development of the most important work ever undertaken for Catholic education in our country. From their successor, our Holy Father Benedict XV, we have received expressions of paternal favor which are all the more precious because they come from a heart that is laden with concern for the welfare of mankind and oppressed by the war now raging in Europe. To him likewise we return our heartfelt thanks, and we pray that the Prince of Peace may grant him the happiness of seeing the world once more united in true and lasting peace and brotherhood.

To my colleagues in the Episcopate, I offer on this occasion my sincere congratulation. It was the Bishops of the United States who, in the Plenary Council of 1866, recognized the need of a Catholic university and voiced the desire to have it established. It was their successors in the Council of 1884 who took the first active measures and petitioned the Holy See for a charter and a con-

stitution. When these were granted, it again devolved upon the Bishops to organize and develop the pontifical university. They had indeed pledged themselves to the execution of a noble design, worthy of the Church and of America as well. They had seen the necessity of an institution of learning in which the splendid tradition of the past should take on new vigor amid the varied activities of our age and spread throughout this land the united benefits of religion and knowledge. They realized that if our Catholic education was to be strengthened in every part, if our schools and colleges were to meet adequately the increasing demands made upon them in so many directions, the one means to attain the desired results was the foundation of a center around which all our educational agencies could be grouped and from which each and all would derive the benefits of earnest co-operation.

It was indeed a great step forward, but at the same time it was a great responsibility. Not only were the interests of Catholic education involved; the honor of the Church was at stake. It was not to meet the needs of a single diocese or of any particular section of the country that the University was founded; but to further the welfare of religion in every diocese, parish and home. It was not simply a luxury of learning that we sought for a few gifted minds, but the preserva-

tion of the Catholic faith in the souls of all our people.

Pledged as they were to a work of such magnitude, the Bishops turned with confidence to the faithful of whose generous zeal they had already received so many proofs. They knew that our Catholic people, anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children, would respond to an appeal in behalf of Catholic higher education. The appeal was made, the response was given, and the University stands today as a monument attesting to all later generations the devotedness and liberality of the Catholics in the United States. I, therefore, at this solemn moment, make grateful acknowledgment to all who have aided in this holy work—to the individual donors who have given out of their abundance, to the large-minded Catholic associations whose united efforts have yielded such splendid results, and in particular, to the great number who have taken from their scantier means to give as they could to the University and its exalted aims.

Thus, in a twofold sense, the University became a sacred trust; it was committed to our care by the Holy See, and for its endowment it was a debtor to our Catholic people. All the more serious, then, was the duty and more arduous the task of establishing, organizing and developing. There was need of counsel, of foresight, of careful,

deliberate planning for the initial steps and no less for those that progress would require. Above all, there was need of a *man* whose soul, filled with a holy, creative enthusiasm, would quicken the project into living reality and make its life breathe and pulsate in every Catholic heart. I thank God that such a man was found in the person of the first Rector. I rejoice with him today as he looks upon the fruit of his labors; and I pray that he may yet be gladdened by a richer harvest. Thou O beloved brother didst sow the seed amid the snow and rains of trial and adversity. Thy worthy successor is reaping the harvest.

To him especially is due the organization of the University as a teaching body—the selection of its professors, the grouping of its faculties, the ordering and articulation of its academic activities. It was a task beset with difficulties, and yet it was essential; it was the actual work of foundation upon which the whole structure had to rest. It called for men who had already realized in themselves that combination of faith and knowledge which is the ideal of the University. It demanded of them loyalty to the Church and unselfish devotion to science. It offered to them indeed opportunity and career; but it laid upon them the grave obligation of shaping at its inception a work which held in itself the promises and the hopes of religion present and future. That men of such a character

were chosen to fill the University chairs and that their number has steadily increased, is a blessing for which we cannot be too grateful. And I take this occasion to congratulate the members of the Faculty upon the success which has crowned their endeavors and upon the larger prospect of usefulness which they have opened to our view.

All great works have their inception in the brain of some great thinker. God gave such a brain, such a man, in Bishop Spalding. With his wonderful intuitionary power, he took in all the meaning of the present and the future of the Church in America. If the Catholic University is today an accomplished fact, we are indebted for its existence in our generation, in no small measure, to the persuasive eloquence and convincing arguments of the Bishop of Peoria.

As I reflect upon the events of these twenty-five years, the conviction that shapes itself most clearly in my mind is this: all the reasons and motives that led to the establishment of the University have been intensified in urgency and strength; the principles which it embodies have become more vitally necessary to the welfare of Church and country; the expansion of its work more important for our social and religious progress, more essential for the prosperity of our Catholic institutions.

The chief aim of the University was, and is, to

teach the whole truth—that which God has revealed and that which man has discovered—to teach it, not simply as an abstract theory, but as a practical guide and standard of action, as a law, and indeed the supreme law, of human conduct for individual, society and nation. We hold that religion is not for the child alone nor only for simple, untutored minds; it is for *men* as their first duty, and it lays most stringent obligation on those whose intelligence is most fully enlightened. We hold, in consequence, that the higher education must give a larger place to the imparting of religious knowledge, and that the *highest* education is precisely the field in which religion should be most thoroughly cultivated and its practice most constantly fostered. A university, whether it emphasize culture, or research, or professional training, is a maker of men, a framer of ideals, a school for leaders. It forms opinion not only by what it teaches but also by its selection of the subjects which it considers deserving of study. It influences its immediate students, but it gives a lesson of far wider import to the community at large, by its omissions as well as by its positive instruction. And all this it does more effectually in proportion as it excels through the learning of its professors, the abundance of its resources and the prestige of its traditions.

This conviction as to the necessity of religion in

higher education is not, I understand, shared by all even of those who are most competent to define the scope and nature of a university. It has not found expression in the organization of many of the universities that are, in other respects, so creditable to our country. Nor has it been, so far as I can see, the guilding principle in many of the great educational movements by which the national character is supposed to get the form and fibre of true citizenship.

Yet I venture to say that at no time in the history of thought has there been such searching inquiry into the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and of every other system of religious belief. At no period in our country's development has the basis of morality in public and in private life been subjected to so keen a scrutiny. To no earlier generation have the problems of human existence and human destiny been presented with such penetrating clearness, or their solution shrouded in such helpless uncertainty. Perplexed by innumerable theories that swing from one extreme to another, the most learned and most honest investigators have exclaimed: *ignoramus* et *ignorabimus*. Like the Athenians of old they would fain have written upon the temple of their fruitless quest—"To the unknown God."

Truly the time had come for the voice of Paul to make itself heard in the Areopagus of culture

and ceaseless speculation. The time was ripe for a restatement, in terms that the men of this day could understand, of the truth about the God in whom "we live and move and have our being." There was wanted, as never before, an interpretation of nature and its laws which should make it plain that "the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Our unprecedented advance in physical science should have reminded us that the ultimate ground of the universe is not "like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device," that the Godhead, whereof we are the offspring, is the sovereign intelligence whose design we are striving to trace, and therefore that all thought and all teaching about the world, its evolution and its origin, is incomplete if it disregard the Supreme Cause and our relations to Him.

During this period, likewise, while science has given us countless new evidences of the inviolable order and harmony that pervade all things—of the "reign of law" in nature—man himself has claimed and won a larger liberty. The former restraints upon individual action have been loosened, the older and more rigid forms of government have yielded to the pressure of the democratic spirit, and this freedom, widening with the spread of knowledge, has apparently left to

each man the shaping of his ideals and their attainment, the ordering of his life in the pursuit of happiness and fortune.

But this very assertion and recognition of personal rights has pointed out more forcibly than ever their natural and necessary mutual limitation. There is no real liberty without law, and there is no meaning or validity to law unless it be observed. The growth of democracy does not imply that each man shall become a law unto himself, but that he shall feel in himself the obligation to obey. If the enacting power has been transferred from the will of the ruler to the will of the people, the binding, coercive power has been laid, with greater stress of responsibility than ever before, upon the individual conscience. Unless men be taught that obedience is right and honorable and necessary alike for private interest and for the common weal, legislation will avail but little, the law-making power will become a mockery and the people themselves will be the first to complain that legislation has been carried to excess. They should learn that obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man but an act of homage we pay to God, whose representative he is.

Now conscience itself has need of a higher sanction, of an enlightenment, of a principle of direction superior in wisdom to any merely human sense of justice. And the need becomes greater

as the people, with reason or without reason, are led to the conviction that power, even in a democracy, can be abused, and that legislation is not always the surest remedy for wrong or the strongest safeguard of right.

But if education in its highest form pay no regard to religious truth, then I ask, by what means shall the conscience of the nation be developed? If men are taught that the laws of nature must be obeyed, yet learn nothing of a divine law-giver, what bound can be set or hindrance placed to the self-seeking tendencies, the passion of greed and the strife for domination that threaten to make life merely a struggle for existence? What guarantee of peace at home and abroad can we secure, what respect for the rights of a people, what confidence in the agreement of nations, if men are responsible to no higher tribunal, if force is the ultimate resort and the final arbitration?

The past quarter century has been marked by the study of problems that affect in a very practical way the well-being of humanity, that spring, as it were, from the very nature of our condition here upon earth, from our progress in knowledge, our political organization and our economic situation. I refer to the problems which have made possible and necessary the social sciences, and which therefore have demanded a more systematic inquiry

than ever before into our human relations. The structure of society, the origin and history of institutions, the causes of decline, the possibility of betterment—all these, I am aware, are questions that can be treated from the standpoint of theory pure and simple. But whatever conclusions may be reached on the theoretical side, the fact still remains that there are evils in the concrete to be remedied, and that men and women of the highest intelligence and purpose are seeking the remedy that shall prove most effectual.

There is still much to be done for the relief of suffering and for the development of those virtues which are indispensable to our social existence. More vital than anything else, there is the increasing necessity of securing the family tie and of sanctifying the home as the original source of purity, of upright living, of conscientious dealing with the fellowman, of genuine patriotic endeavor. In a word, there are pressing wants which legislation alone cannot fully supply, but which appeal all more strongly to the nobler instincts of our nature.

In view of these conditions, I cordially welcome the fact that the ideal of *service* is so widely accepted, and that in so many ways it is finding beneficent realization. I rejoice at this, because I believe that those who are striving in behalf of their fellowmen, will be drawn by experience to a

fuller acceptance of the Gospel and a firmer hold on the teachings of Him who is the way, the truth and the life. For the sake of this belief, I cherish the hope that, from the practice of fraternal love, a returning wave of influence may sweep over and through our educational agencies, and permeate them with the spirit and doctrine of Christ. I look forward to the day when our institutions of learning, so prolific of benefit to our material existence, will regard as their worthiest aim the formation of *character* in accordance with the one perfect Model.

The need of God—this is what I find as I consider what has come to pass in these twenty-five years: the need of a divine truth to complete our search after knowledge, the need of a divine law to secure the justice of our human enactments and their proper observance, the need of an earnest faith in the gentle ministration of love. To supply this need is, in my judgment, an undertaking of the highest value, worthy of the best effort that learning and authority can put forth. It is a duty that we owe to the Church and to our country. It is, in particular, a duty that the University owes to the youth of the land, who must take up in their turn the responsibilities of the nation, the preservation of its moral life, the maintenance of its liberties.

But it is also an undertaking and a duty which

require the union and co-operation of all our forces. There must be clear understanding of aims, judicious selection of means, and wise distribution of labor. There must be no waste of effort but the utmost economy, no scattering of pursuits, but close concentration; and concentration is impossible without a center.

I deem it, therefore, a reason for congratulation and a source of encouragement that such a center has been established in the Catholic University. This much, we can truly say, has been accomplished, and this was the first essential requisite in the furtherance of our common aim. The University has gathered into one body, as teachers and as students, representatives of the priesthood and of the laity. One after another the religious Orders have established at this center their houses of study, to join hands with the diocesan clergy in building up the stronghold of knowledge for the protection of the Catholic faith. Our colleges, academies and high schools are shaping their work in accordance with the standards established by the University. Our Catholic associations are turning to it as the agency which is best able to do whatever education can do towards the realization of their noble purposes. And now that our charitable organizations have found it helpful to consult with one another for the solution of their numerous problems, they likewise have chosen the Uni-

versity as the appropriate center of their deliberations.

Thanks to these co-operative movements there is growing up in our Catholic people a stronger sense of their responsibility in the matter of education and at the same time a clearer consciousness of their ability to do their full share toward the preservation of those moral and religious interests which are vital to the home and to the nation. They are coming to realize that as their forefathers in the ages of faith created the first universities, so in their own day and country they are building a great central school which they will transmit as a precious inheritance to all generations.

In the growth of the University, twenty-five years is but as a day; in the life of the individual, it counts for much more. I regard it as a special favor granted me by Almighty God that I have been permitted to devote so much of my time to this sacred cause. From the beginning, the University has been for me an object of deepest personal concern. Through its growth and through its struggles, through all the vicissitudes which it has experienced, it has been very near to my heart. It has cost me, in anxiety and tension of spirit, far more than any other of the duties or cares which have fallen to my lot. But for this very reason, I feel a greater satisfaction in its progress.

I feel amply compensated for whatever I have been able to do in bearing its burdens and in helping it through trial to prosperity and success. I thank Heaven that my hopes have not been in vain, and I rejoice that the future of the University is now assured. In the same spirit, I shall strive, so long as life and strength may be given me, for the further development of the work which we have undertaken for the glory of God, the prosperity of religion and the welfare of our country. I shall look with increasing confidence to our generous clergy and people for good-will and support, to the University itself for a timely solution of the problems which education offers, and, above, all, to the Divine assistance which I earnestly implore for the guidance of our common endeavor to the ends which the University is destined to accomplish.

WILL THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC ENDURE?

WILL THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC ENDURE? PREACHED IN THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL, NOV. 3, 1912.

"Open ye the gates that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in: Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, Thou art glorified."—Isaiah xxvi, 2:15.

IT is the habit of pessimistic prophets to predict that our Government will soon come to an end, and that it is already in the throes of dissolution, and that the disaster is sure to be hastened, if their favorite candidate is defeated. These prophecies are usually more frequent on the eve of a Presidential election. I have been listening to these dire prognostications for over half a century.

But in every instance the American people wake up on the morning after election to find that they were disquieted by false alarms and that the Government is transacting its business in the same quiet and orderly manner as before.

I propose this morning to state as briefly as possible the grounds of my confidence in the stability and endurance of the American Republic.

By a wise provision of the Constitution of the United States, political authority is not concentrated in one individual, or in one department of the administration, but is judiciously distributed, so that the balance of power may be preserved. Our general government consists of the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial branches. If anything goes wrong with any one of these departments, if it wanders from the path marked out for it by the Constitution, the evil is checked by the other two, and usurpation of power is prevented. There is an habitual jealousy among these branches. They are on the alert, jealously watching one another, so that no one branch may exceed its legitimate bounds. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Then again, besides the Federal administration, we have State Governments, and county rule; we have city and town and village municipalities. If all of these minor corporations were absorbed by the general government, if our governors, and State Legislators, and sheriffs, and mayors and councilmen were all under the control of the President; if he could at will decapitate all obnoxious subordinate rulers, with one blow, all our political liberties would be at an end. But happily all these lesser officials enjoy full autonomy in their spheres and are independent of the Chief Magistrate.

Our system of Government is very complex. It may be compared to a colossal engine containing innumerable wheels within wheels. Each wheel works in its own orbit like the planetary system. If the great Federal wheel gets out of order, the smaller wheels do not stop, they are not much deranged, but keep on revolving till the big machine is repaired.

We are all familiar with the memorable *Titanic* disaster which resulted in the loss of so many precious lives, as well as the peerless vessel itself. Had all the compartments of that steamship been watertight, the loss of life would have been avoided.

Now our Government is often called a Ship of State. This great ship of state is divided into forty-eight minor States. Each of these States may be said to be water-proof, in the sense that the engulfing of one, would not involve the sinking of the others. California, for example, might be overwhelmed by the waters of a political revolution without disturbing the neighboring States of Washington, Nevada or Arizona.

If our States were mere Provinces or Territories without autonomy and sovereignty, like other Republics less favored than ours, we would enjoy less stability and less hope of enduring freedom than we now possess.

The safety and permanence therefore of our

Republic largely depends on the autonomy of the several States, without the danger of being absorbed by the general Government. Should our Governors and Legislators ever become the subservient creatures of the federal Government, they would be mere puppets, subject to the will of the Chief Executive. They would cease to be water-proof, and would share the fate of the *Titanic*.

Two momentous crises occurred in my own day which were well calculated to test the vitality and strength of the Republic. The first was the war between the States, when the nation was cut in twain, when fratricidal blood was shed over the land and a tremendous conflict was carried on for four years. This calamity has happily ended and the dismembered States are now more firmly united than ever before, because slavery, which was the bone of contention, has been removed, once and forever.

The second crisis occurred in the Presidential contest in 1876 between Tilden and Hayes. Mr. Tilden was robbed of the fruit of the victory which, according to the prevailing belief at the time, he honestly won, and by questionable devices Mr. Hayes was declared the successful candidate.

A nation that could survive these terrible strains, must be possessed of extraordinary vital-

ity and resources, and leads us to hope that in any future emergency, the leaders and statesmen of the Republic will rise to the occasion and bring order out of chaos.

Another strong ground of confidence I have in the stability and permanence of the Republic, rests on the enlightenment, the good sense and patriotism of the American people. You and your fathers have now for a century and a quarter experienced and enjoyed the blessings of a strong and free government. And if you compare the results of our political system with those of other civilized nations, I do not think that our Republic, with all its drawbacks and shortcomings, will suffer in the comparison. You can say: "America, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

Cold, indeed, and torpid, obtuse and apathetic is the soul that is not aroused to warmth and enthusiasm in contemplating the history of the United States which has been the home of liberty and the haven of rest to downtrodden millions in other lands.

But the survival of the American Republic must rest on a more stable foundation than the patriotism of our citizens, the genius of our statesmen and the wisdom of our laws. It must have a stronger basis than fleets of dreadnoughts and standing armies; for "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Our enduring sta-

bility can be secured only under the abiding protection of the Lord of Hosts.

The history of the Jewish people from the days of Abraham to their dispersion among the Gentiles, gives a forcible illustration of this truth: that those people are victorious in the end, who have the God of battles on their side, and that He is with them who have unfailing confidence in His protection.

"Righteousness," says the Book of Proverbs, "exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to the people." If our Republic is to be perpetuated, if it is to be handed down unimpaired to future generations, it must rest on the eternal principles of justice, truth and righteousness, and downright honesty in our dealings with other nations, it must be sustained by the devout recognition of an overruling Power Who governs all things by His wisdom, whose superintending Providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men, without Whom not even a bird can fall to the ground.

One of the leaders of the Convention that assembled in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution of the United States, made the following sage remark to his colleagues: "We have spent many days and weeks in our deliberations, and we have accomplished little or nothing. We have been groping in the dark, because we have not sought light from the Father of lights to illumine our understand-

ing. I have lived for many years, and the older I grow, the more I am convinced that a Supreme Power interferes in the affairs of mankind. For if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His knowledge, how can an empire rise without His co-operation? And we also know from the same Sacred Volume, that 'unless the Lord build the house, he laboreth in vain who buildeth.' "

And happily for the nation, this humble recognition of a superintending Power has been upheld from the dawn of the Republic to our own time. What a striking contrast we present in this respect to our Sister Republic across the Atlantic, which once bore the proud title of "eldest daughter of the Church." The leaders of the French Republic are so far carried away by the tide of unbelief that they studiously eliminate the name of God from their official utterances. How different is the conduct of our leaders and statesmen! They have all paid homage to the moral Governor of the world. All the Presidents of the United States, from George Washington to William Howard Taft, have invariably invoked the aid of our heavenly Father in their inaugural Proclamations. It is also the edifying custom of our Chief Magistrate to invite his fellow citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship on the last Thursday of November, to offer thanksgiving to the Giver of all gifts for the blessings vouchsafed to the nation.

Both Houses of Congress are daily opened with prayer. And all important civic and political conventions are inaugurated by an appeal to the throne of Grace. God's supremacy is also recognized by the observance of the Christian sabbath throughout the land.

It is true indeed that we have no official union of Church and State in this country. But we are not to infer from this fact that there is any antagonism between the civil and religious authorities, nor does it imply any indifference to religious principles. Far from it. Church and State move in parallel lines. The State throws over the Church the mantle of its protection, without interferring with the God-given rights of conscience; and the Church on her part renders valuable aid to the State, in upholding the civil laws by religious and moral sancitions.

No man should be a drone in the social bee-hive. No man should be an indifferent spectator of the political and economic questions which confront him. Indifference and apathy in civic and political life is as hurtful to the State as indifference in religion is hurtful to the christian Commonwealth. Our Lord says to the Bishop of Laodicea: "I would that thou wert hot or cold; but because thou art lukewarm, and art neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth."

A sincere man who in attacking Christian faith,

honestly believes that he is right, is less blameworthy than the torpid, lukewarm Christian who never takes an interest in the religion of Christ. In like manner, a citizen, who earnestly and in good faith, espouses a faulty political principle, is less dangerous to the State than the supine citizen who never takes an interest in the political welfare of his country.

And it is my profound conviction that if ever the Republic is doomed to decay, if the future historian shall ever record the decline and fall of the American Republic, its downfall will be due, not to a hostile invasion, but to the indifference, lethargy and political apostacy of her own sons.

And if all citizens are bound to take an interest in public affairs, that duty especially devolves on those who are endowed with superior intelligence and education, and who ought to be the leaders and exemplars of the people, guiding them in the path of political rectitude.

There are three conspicuous citizens who are now candidates for the Presidency. Whatever may be my private and personal preference and predilection, it is not for me in this sacred pulpit or anywhere else publicly to dictate or even suggest to you the candidate of my choice.

May God so enlighten the mind and quicken the conscience of the American people to a sense of their civic duties, as to arouse in them an earnest

and practical interest in the coming election, and may He so guide their hearts that they will select a Chief Magistrate whose administration will redound to the material prosperity and moral welfare of our beloved Republic.

MONTH'S MIND
OF
ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

DISCOURSE IN THE BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL AT THE MONTH'S MIND OF ARCHBISHOP SPALDING WHO DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

"Anna prayed to the Lord, shedding many tears. And she made a vow, saying: O Lord of hosts, if Thou wilt look down on the affliction of Thy servant, and wilt be mindful of me, and not forget Thy hand-maid, and wilt give to Thy servant a man-child: I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life. I Sam. 1-10-11.

IT is a fact amply attested by the history of mankind, that distinguished minds have been usually blessed with mothers of a superior character.

It was the piety of a Monica that restored an Augustine to God and to His Church.

It was the wisdom of a Queen Blanche that moulded the character of the good King Louis of France.

Roger Brooke Taney, Chief Justice of the United States, in his Autobiography declares that, if he remained loyal to the Catholic Religion of his fathers, and if he practiced with fidelity the Christian

virtues, under God, he was most indebted to the example and instruction of his mother Monica.

And in reflecting on the Scripture narrative which I have just read, we may well imagine what a potent influence was exercised by Anna in shaping the sublime destiny of the Prophet Samuel.

Had Anna selfishly kept her son to herself; had "she loved him not wisely but too well," his name might be lost to sacred history, and never recorded in the Book of Life. But in surrendering him to God, she was instrumental in immortalizing him in the pages of Holy Writ, and in having him glorified in Heaven. And the honor which redounds to the son, is reflected back upon the mother; for, the names of Anna and Samuel shall be forever inseparably united.

If we substitute the names of Henrietta, and Martin John, for the names of Anna and Samuel, we may discover some features in the lives of the former mother and child which find their counterpart in the personages of the Sacred text.

Henrietta Spalding, the mother of Martin John Spalding, was noted for the purity of her life, and the gentleness of her disposition. Probably on account of his feeble and delicate health, she manifested a more tender affection for him than for her other children.

With unconscious prophecy, she always called him her little Bishop. The designation she gave

him, no doubt disclosed the desire of her heart that like Samuel, he would one day, be consecrated to the Lord. And although she died before he reached the years of maturity, she left on his heart and memory the indelible impress of her maternal virtues.

In being called from Kentucky in 1864, to preside over the Metropolitan See of Baltimore, Archbishop Spalding was coming back to the home of his forefathers who came from Licolnshire, Englang, to Maryland in 1650, a few years after Lord Baltimore and his colony had established their home in "The Land of the Sanctuary." I can well recall the joy and enthusiasm with which he was welcomed to his ancestral state by the citizens of Baltimore without distinction of race or religion.

Well may we, Brethren, grieve for the loss of our beloved chief pastor. Every day of the six weeks that have elapsed since his death, has only intensified our bereavement, because every day convinces us more and more of the great affliction we have sustained. And with a sorrowful sense, I relate it, the fresh-bleeding wounds of our hearts are opened again by the death of your well-beloved Rector, Very Rev. Doctor Coskery. I grieve for thee, O brother! Greater than the love of man for woman was the affection I had for thee. Like the Deacon Lawrence of old, who would not survive

his father, the High Priest, Sixtus, but followed him to martyrdom; so didst thou follow to the grave thy beloved father whom thou hadst served so faithfully!

The electric flash that went forth on the seventh of February, bearing, alas! the too speedy message of death, brought mourning to thousands of families throughout the land. The head was struck, and the remotest members felt the shock.

It has paralyzed with grief you first of all, venerable Brethren of the clergy. You feel that in losing your Archbishop you have lost a kind father, a watchful shepherd, a fearless leader, an impartial judge. Like the Prophet Eliseus, seeing his father Elias taken up to heaven, each of you could exclaim on beholding your father snatched from you: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the rider thereof." Yes, he steered the chariot of Israel, the Church of Baltimore, with an unerring hand. "Thou wert indeed the glory of Jerusalem, thou wert the joy of Israel, thou wert the honor of our people." Judith xv. 10.

It has struck with sorrow you, faithful Brethren of the laity, for you were justly proud of your great Archbishop. In honoring him you honored your religion itself, of which he was so fearless an exponent.

And well may you weep, O tender orphans, for

in losing your father you have been reduced to orphanage a second time.

The Prelates of the United States will miss from their ranks their distinguished brother, who was an ornament to the hierarchy; one whose wisdom and learning they all admired, and upon whom some of us younger Bishops leaned as on a staff of support.

Even the Sovereign Pontiff will accept the news of his death as another pang added to his many afflictions. He recognized the Archbishop as his highest Representative in the United States, and he loved and cherished him as a younger brother.

But this grief is not confined to those who are of the household of the faith. It extends to all classes and creeds of the Community. The great heart of Baltimore has mourned him as well became the Queen City of the South lamenting one of her greatest citizens. You saw the whole city shedding a tear of sorrow over his bier.

Neither wealth nor power nor station could draw forth such heartfelt and universal respect as was paid to the remains of Archbishop Spalding. He had won the hearts of the people.

And you have read the notices of his life in the press throughout the land; they but re-echoed the sentiments of this Archiepiscopal See. And you rejoiced at this spontaneous and unanimous tribute of praise, because you considered that honor paid

to yourselves which was bestowed upon your father.

Yes, *you* possess beneath this venerable Cathedral his mortal remains. But the nation, the Church at large, will guard his memory and his fame. *You* bore the drooping flower to its place. But up from this Church springs the odor of his virtues, which will shed around thousands of homes a sweet, delicious and hallowed fragrance for ages to come.

I shall not attempt even a brief sketch of the Archbishop's life. That task was ably accomplished in his Funeral Sermon by his venerable brother of New York. But bear with me while I dwell for a few moments on my personal relations with your beloved Archbishop; while I allude to a few traits of his character and mention some incidents of his brilliant and eventful life. My heart and my memory are full of him, and "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

My acquaintance with the Archbishop embraced indeed only the seven last years of his life; commencing in 1865, when he called me to the Cathedral, and ending with his death. But during all that time, my relations with him were of a most intimate and affectionate nature.

I reverenced him as a father; and he deigned to honor me as a son.

While attached to the Cathedral, I was his usual

companion in the various journeys he made through the United States, either for duty or recreation. The Archbishop selected me because I could be better spared to the Cathedral than either of my two cherished companions; one of whom is now the honored Bishop of Chicago, and the other has just followed his master to his eternal reward.

It was also my distinguished privilege to accompany His Grace to the great Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. I was his inseparable companion in our voyage across the Atlantic; during our sojourn in England, in France, in Italy and in Rome. For ten months we sat at the same table and slept under the same roof. During all this time I had an excellent opportunity of studying his character, and of observing those hidden springs which gave a motive-power to his public acts.

During the latter years of his life, the Archbishop was accustomed to relax his overtaxed energies by devoting a few weeks each Summer to recreation. He was very particular, in commencing his journey, to recite the *Itinerarium,* a collection of prayers recommended to travellers. Having committed his soul to God, he had no fear of accidents.

He always utilized and sanctified those days of recreation by consecrating them to the service of religion. On visiting one of the mountain-springs or the seashore, his first inquiry was whether the

neighborhood contained a church or chapel and stationary priest. Otherwise, he made provision at once for Sunday service to be held in an apartment of the hotel. He almost invariably preached; and the fame of his name was always sure to enlist a large and delighted congregation.

On the last of these occasions when I was with the Archbishop, he preached in a rustic chapel in West Virginia. The people gathered from the neighborhood to hear him; and among others, were several mothers with their infants at their breasts. During the sermon, these babes kept up unceasing cries to the great inconvenience of the preacher and the annoyance of the congregation. One of the parishioners proceeded to remove the disturbers. But the Archbishop forbade the mothers to be excluded, remarking to me, as we returned to the hotel: "I would suffer any inconvenience rather than deprive those poor mothers of the satisfaction of hearing Mass and of listening to the word of God."

On the occasion of this visit to the Springs, the Archbishop was informed that the proprietor of the hotel had fallen away from the religion of his ancestors, and had also modified the spelling of his name. Desiring to cultivate the acquaintance of his Grace, he asked the Archbishop whether he spelt his name *Spaulding,* or omitted the letter *u.* Sir, the Archbishop briskly replied, the Spaldings

who never changed their faith, have never altered the spelling of their name. They were never ashamed of their faith or their name.

The style of his preaching was eminently practical. Though his discourses possessed a depth of reasoning and a sublimity of thought calculated to rivet the attention of the most enlightened audience, they were always sufficiently plain to be within the level of the simplest understanding. His preaching was not for display, but for spiritual profit. "His speech," like that of St. Paul, "was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the spirit and power of God." He had so clear a perception of the truth, that he was impatient of error. Yet he never wilfully gave offense to his dissenting brethren. I have often heard him expose in emphatic terms the errors of the day; yet his non-Catholic hearers, though wincing under the strokes of his keen logic, left the church in the best of humor with the preacher. And why? Because they saw in the venerable Archbishop an openness of countenance, a candor of expression, an earnestness of manner, which convinced his hearers that he spoke from the depth of his heart.

The secret of the Archbishop's effective preaching lay in his strong, practical faith. Faith was the principle of his actions. He believed intensely, and therefore he spoke eloquently. I had the melan-

choly satisfaction of spending several hours with his Grace during his last illness, and I had a rare opportunity of admiring his cloudless belief and tender piety.

On the Friday before his death I said Mass in his room, and administered to him the Holy Viaticum; and, at his request, I read for him the Profession of Catholic Faith, while two Sisters of Charity, his faithful nurses, knelt beside him. I shall never forget the energy and warmth of his expression of belief on that occasion, and which would leave the impression on one's mind that he had learned the truths of religion less by study than by intuition. Every feature of his countenance bore the character of these words stamped upon it, "*I believe.*" Would that we had that face photographed, as it appeared in those moments. It would be a most eloquent sermon to unbelievers.

His devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary and to the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff were peculiarly striking. Not indeed because he believed these doctrines more than the others; but in the magnanimity of his soul these articles of faith were more frequently on his lips, because they were the more constant object of attack in our times.

You can bear me witness, members of this Congregation, that seldom did he preach without introducing the name of Mary, whose name he pro-

nounced with an expression of such tender piety. He was fond of calling her, in the language of the Poet Wordsworth, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

He was ever ready to defend the faith and honor of the Church, no matter in what situation he was placed. He defended her in railroad cars; in steamboats, and in private parlors. No question ever remained unanswered in his presence. No insult to her ever went unrebuked. I have often seen him beard the lion in his den. I heard him in Italy rebuke an Italian diplomatist for the conduct of his government toward the Holy See. I saw him in presence of a member of the Italian Parliament condemn its line of conduct toward the Pope. He had the courage in the presence of an excitable European soldiery to express his abhorrence, when he saw them desecrate a church by using it for profane purposes.

Under a head sound in faith, the Archbishop carried a large heart overflowing with paternal kindness for all his children. You, respected Brethren of the clergy, had justly the first place in his affections. You were, as he said, "his joy and his crown." He loved you as faithful colaborers, "who had borne with him the burden of the day and the heats." Whenever you came as guests to his house, he welcomed you with open arms and personally provided for your comforts.

He had a peculiar fondness for children because under a hoary head of wisdom he concealed the heart of a child. Years make our heads old. Malice alone brings wrinkles on the heart. With his divine Master he said: "Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." You might observe him at private family circles overlook the older members of the household and play with the children. Those innocent pastimes were not only a source of pleasure to the little ones, but moments of intense delight to the good Archbishop himself.

To an affectionate disposition he united a touching simplicity of manners, an alertness of soul which won all hearts. Although he had travelled extensively abroad, had seen much of the world, and had mingled a great deal in high society, this artlessness and naturalness of manner never abandoned him. It was exhibited in his dress, in his speech. It appeared before the rich, as well as the poor. Even when his Grace entertained Cardinals in Rome; or when he was received by the Holy Father himself, he never made any effort at studied formality, but was always the same plain, outspoken Martin John Spalding.

This living faith, this paternal love, was the secret fire nourishing that burning zeal which consumed the heart of the great Archbishop. The activity of his life was unceasing. Though he had a

secretary, he usually discharged himself the duties of that office. He was in daily correspondence with Rome and with European Prelates; with the Bishops of the United States, and with his own clergy. Works of varied erudition were issuing, at regular intervals, from his ready pen. Like his great Prototype, St. Paul, "he had a solicitude for all the churches." He took a lively interest in the affairs of distant dioceses and was always ready to give a helping hand to a suffering brother Bishop.

His labors in behalf of his own diocese were prodigious. When he came to Baltimore, the zeal of his illustrious predecessors seemed to have left little for him to do. But we beheld him constantly employed in opening new fields of labor. He erected several churches; established Communities of men and women; built parochial schools, the last being the Metropolitan School in the Cathedral Parish. He introduced into his diocese English Missionaries to minister to the colored population. His crowning work was the erection of the Industrial School for Boys, in which great undertaking he was substantially aided by the venerable Pastor of St. Peter's.* The Archbishop took a special pride in this Institution, remarking that the only reward he hoped for was to have the boys of the Protectory assist at his funeral and pray

* Rt. Rev. Mgr. McColgan.

for his soul. Truly can we say of him: "*Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa.*" Like Pope Sixtus V, he compressed within the space of five or six years the work of a quarter of a century.

When we consider the great works accomplished in this archdiocese in six years, we know not which to admire most,—the liberality of the people; the active zeal of the clergy; or the judicious government of your spiritual Chief. To the faithful all praise is to be accorded, because they always responded to the calls of religion. You, Reverend Clergy of this diocese, are above all praise. But while we recognize the merits of the soldiers and their captains, what credit is due to your leader, whose eagle eye overlooked the field, and whose comprehensive mind directed the work? He infused fresh energy into all your undertakings, and assisted you to bear your burden. Oh! it was an honor to fight under such a general. It was a pleasure to labor under such a master.

Catholics of Baltimore, God has blessed you with a noble line of Prelates, who would favorably compare with the hierarchy of any See in Christendom. The names of the seven Archbishops of Baltimore—Carroll, Neale, Marechal, Whitfield, Eccleston, Kenrick, Spalding—shine forth as stars of the first magnitude in the grand Constellation of Deceased American Prelates. They will ever

serve as shining lights, guiding by their example, those that are to come after them in the path of virtue and apostolic wisdom. The last two have been endeared to me by special ties of gratitude. By the former I was ordained to the priesthood, and I was consecrated Bishop at the hands of the latter. Those two Prelates are familiar to most of you. And we cannot think of the great Spalding without being reminded of the good Kenrick. Each of them had his distinguished traits of character. If I would venture to institute a comparison between the two Baltimore Archbishops and some prototypes of the early Church, I think that Ambrose and Augustine exhibited certain traits which were found also in Kenrick and Spalding.

St. Augustine in his *Confessions* gives us a charming picture of the studious and prayerful habits and the accessibility of the Bishop of Milan, which find a counterpart in the domestic life of Kenrick during his administration of the diocese of Baltimore. His leisure hours were usually spent in the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers with which he was so familiar. His door, like that of Ambrose, was usually ajar, and no matter who called, whether the cultured layman or Prelate, the peasant or the child, they were all received with kindness and affability, and the Archbishop had the happy faculty of adapting himself to the intellectual stand-

ard of each one. As soon as the visitor departed, he quietly resumed his studies, as if no interruption had occurred.

While Archbishop Spalding laid no claim to the lofty genius of Augustine, he emulated the Bishop of Hippo in his indomitable zeal for God's Church, in vindicating the truths of the Catholic religion, and in confronting the errors of the day.

We stand amazed and are filled with awe when we contemplate the dozen of folio volumes of the African Bishop, burdened as he was with the administration of his diocese. We are also surprised and edified (of course in a less degree) that the American Prelate could have spared the time to write "Evidences of Catholicity," "The Life of Bishop Flaget," "The History of the Protestant Reformation," and his "Miscellanea," notwithstanding the physical infirmities which he endured for many years.

I may add, moreover, that the friendship which subsisted between Ambrose and Augustine, also marked the relations between Archbishops Spalding and Kenrick during their episcopal career.

Kenrick reminds us of the Prince of the Apostles, holding the keys of authority. His decisions were received not only with reverence at home, but with honor abroad.

Spalding is like the Apostle of the Gentiles, wielding the two-edged sword of the spirit, the

sword of the tongue and of the pen. "His sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and his words unto the ends of the world."

It is sad to think that we shall never look upon his face again. But I would not have you without hope, my Brethren. That great soul of his yet "lives and moves and has its being." That kind heart breathes love for you still. Having loved you in life, he loves you in death. Could the veil be uplifted, we might see him praying for his beloved Baltimore, as Judas Maccabeus saw Jeremiah after death praying for his beloved Jerusalem.

He says to our hearts today: "I will not leave you orphans. You have now sorrow, but I shall see you again. And your heart shall rejoice. God will send you another comforter, another father," O, obtain this favor for us through your intercession from the divine Shepherd of Souls. Obtain for the people a worthy successor. We ask for none better than thyself. Solicit for them one according to thine own model. Beseech for them a Shepherd like thyself, who will lead his flock to wholesome pastures. Obtain for them a leader such as thou wert, who will march before thy people, conquering and to conquer. Give them a Judge that like thee will always temper justice with mercy. Give them a Father as thou wert, who will

welcome his clergy and people with paternal kindness.

Then having sown in tears, thy people will reap in joy. Then this widowed church will cast off her weeds of mourning, and be again clothed in garments of gladness. Then we shall see and love and reverence thee in thy successor. Then we will say: "Our father who was lost is found. Having been dead he is come to life again!"

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL SHERIDAN

SERMON PREACHED IN ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., AT THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL SHERIDAN, AUGUST, 1888.

And Jonathan and Simon took Judas their brother, and buried him in the sepulchre of their fathers, in the city of Modin. And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation; and they mourned for him many days, and said: How is the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel. I Mach. ix, 19, 21.

Mr. President:* *Dearly Beloved Brethren*:

WELL might the children of Israel bewail their great Captain who had led them so often to battle and to victory. And well might this nation grieve for the loss of the mighty chieftain whose mortal remains now lie before us. In every city and town and village of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his name is uttered with sorrow and his great deeds recorded with admiration.

There is one consoling feature that distinguishes the obsequies of our illustrious hero from those of

* President Cleveland attended the funeral obsequies.

the great Hebrew leader. He was buried in the midst of war, amid the clashing of arms and surrounded by the armed hosts of the enemy: our Captain, thank God, is buried amid profound peace, while we are enjoying the blessings of domestic tranquility and are in friendship with all the world.

The death of General Sheridan will be lamented not only by the North but also by the South. I know the Southern people, I know their chivalry. I know their magnanimity, their warm and affectionate nature; and I am sure that the sons of the Southland, especially those who fought in the late war, will join in the national lamentation and will lay a garland of mourning on the bier of the great Leader. They recognize the fact that the nation's General is dead and that his death is the nation's loss.

And this universal sympathy coming from all sections of the country, irrespective of party lines is easily accounted for when we consider that under an overruling Providence, the war has resulted in increased blessings to every state of our common country.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

And this is true of nations as well as of individuals.

What constitutes the great difference between the wars of antiquity and our recent civil conflict? The wars of olden time were followed by subjugation and bondage: in the train of our great struggles came reconciliation and freedom. Alexander the Great waded through the blood of his fellow man. By the sword he conquered and by the sword he kept the vanquished in bondage. Scarcely was he cold in death when his vassals shook off the yoke and his empire was dismembered into fragments.

The effect of the late war has been to weld together the nation still more closely into one cohesive body, it has removed once for all slavery, the great apple of discord, it has broken down the wall of separation which divided section from section and exhibits us more strikingly as one nation, one family, with the same aims and the same aspirations.

As an evidence that the scars of the Civil War have been completely healed, and that a bright era of fraternity and good will has succeeded the dark days of internecine strife, we behold monuments erected to conquered generals in different parts of the country; and soldiers who had fought under the Confederate and Union flags, are peacefully assembled together in the Halls of Federal and State legislation, framing laws for the welfare of a reunited country.

In surveying the life of General Sheridan, it seems to me that these were the prominent features and the salient points in his character—undaunted heroism combined with gentleness of disposition; strong as a lion in war, gentle as a child in peace; bold, daring, fearless, undismayed, unhesitating, his courage rising with danger, ever fertile in resources, ever prompt in execution, his rapid movements never impelled by a blind impulse, but ever prompted by a calculating mind.

I have neither the time nor the ability to dwell upon his military career from the time he left West Point till the close of the war.

Sheridan was a soldier of indomitable courage. He had no sense of fear, or if he had, he never betrayed it. Like Napoleon, he also exercised a magnetic influence over his men. He inspired them with the intrepidity which ruled in his own breast. Under his command they had no thought of defeat.

The absolute confidence which his soldiers under him had in General Sheridan, and the courage which his presence inspired, are strikingly illustrated in the battle near Cedar Creek in the valley of Virginia, during the Civil War. While Sheridan was briefly absent in Washington, the Union soldiers were attacked and routed by the Confederate troops. General Sheridan, learning of the discomfiture of his forces, rides with all speed from Winchester till he meets and rallies his re-

treating army. By the glance of his eye, by the strength of his will, by the magic of his word, he forces back that living stream on the enemy and snatches victory from the jaws of defeat. This one incident reveals to us his quickness of conception and readiness of execution.

General Grant had an unbounded admiration for the military genius of Sheridan and always felt a sense of confidence and security when his favorite executive officer was fighting under him. In fact, though General Grant was singularly cautious and reserved in speech, and sparing of praise, he did not hesitate to pronounce Sheridan one of the greatest generals of his day.

How bold in war, how gentle in peace! On some few occasions in Washington I had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan socially in private circles. I was forcibly struck by his gentle disposition, his amiable manner, his unassuming deportment, his eye beaming with good nature and his voice scarcely raised above a whisper. I said to myself: Is this bashful man and retiring citizen the great Captain of the American Army? Is this the hero of so many battles?

It is true General Sheridan has been charged with being sometimes unnecessarily severe towards the enemy. My conversations with him strongly impressed me with the groundlessness of a charge, which could in no wise be reconciled with

the abhorence which he expressed for the atrocities of war, with his natural aversion to bloodshed and with the hope he uttered that he would never again be obliged to draw his sword against an enemy. I am persuaded that the sentiments of humanity ever found a congenial home, a secure lodgment in the breast of General Sheridan. Those who are best acquainted with his military career, unite in saying that he never needlessly sacrificed human life, and that he loved and cared for his soldiers as a father loves and cares for his children.

But we must not forget that if the departed hero was a soldier, he was also a citizen; and if we wish to know how a man stands as a citizen, we must ask ourselves how he stands as a son, a husband and father. The parent is the source of the family, the family is the source of the nation. Social life is the reflex of family life. The stream does not rise above its source. Those who were admitted into the inner circle of General Sheridan's home, need not be told that it was a peaceful and happy one. He was a fond husband and an affectionate father, lovingly devoted to his wife and children. I hope I am not trespassing upon the sacred privacy of domestic life, when I state that the General's sickness was accelerated, if not aggravated, by a fatiguing journey, which he made in order to be home in time to assist at a religious domestic cele-

bration in which one of his children was the central figure.

Above all, General Sheridan was a Christian. He died fortified by the consolations of religion, having his trust in the saving mercies of our Redeemer and an humble hope in a blessed immortality.

What is life without the hope of immortality? What is life that is bounded by the horizon of the tomb? Surely it is not worth living. What is the life even of the antediluvian patriarchs but like the mist which is dispelled by the morning sun? What would it profit this illustrious hero to go down to his honored grave covered with earthly glory, if he had no hope in the eternal glory to come? It is the hope of eternal life that constitutes at once our dignity and our moral responsibility.

God has planted in the human breast an irresistible desire for immortality. It is born with us and lives and moves with us. It inspires our best and holiest actions. Now God would not have given us this desire if He did not intend that it should be fully satisfied. He would not have given us this thirst for infinite happiness if he had not intended to assuage it. He never created anything in vain.

Thanks to God, this universal yearning of the human heart is sanctioned and vindicated by the voice of revelation.

The inspired word of God not only proclaims the immortality of the soul, but also the future resurrection of the body: "I know," says the Prophet Job, "that my Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day I shall rise out of the earth and in my flesh I shall see my God." "Wonder not at this," says our Saviour, "for the hour cometh when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they who have done well, shall come forth to the resurrection of life, and they who have done ill, to the resurrection of judgment."

And the Apostle writes these comforting words to the Thessalonians: "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning those that are asleep, that ye be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those who have died in Jesus, God will raise unto himself. Therefore comfort yourselves with these words." These are the words of comfort I would address to you, Madam, the faithful consort of the illustrious dead. This is the olive branch of peace and hope I would bring you today. This is the silver lining of the cloud which hangs over you. We followed you in spirit and with sympathizing hearts as you knelt in prayer at the bed of your dying husband. May the God of all consolation comfort you in this hour

of sorrow, and may it be your daily solace to pray for the repose of his immortal soul.

Comrades and companions of the illustrious dead, take hence your great leader, bear him to his last resting place, carry him gently, lovingly; and though you may not hope to attain his exalted rank, you will strive at least to emulate him by the integrity of your private life, by your devotion to your country and by upholding the honor of your military profession.

But as you lay his body to rest do not forget also to breathe a prayer to Almighty God that the soul of this great military leader may be this day in peace and his abode in Sion; may his memory be ever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and may this great country which he loved and served so well, ever be among the foremost nations of the earth, the favored land of constitutional freedom, strong in the loyalty of its patriot citizens, and in the genius and valor of its soldiers till time shall be no more.

ADDRESS AT THE OBSEQUIES OF MICHAEL JENKINS

ADDRESS AT THE OBSEQUIES OF MICHAEL JENKINS IN THE CATHEDRAL, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915.

IT would have been a labor of love to me to preach at the funeral obsequies of my beloved friend, but I am so overwhelmed by grief that I feel incapable of pronouncing a formal discourse, a duty which I have requested the Bishop of Wheeling to perform. I cannot, however, deny myself the melancholy duty of laying at his bier the tribute of my affection and of a friendship which has lasted for nearly fifty years.

Michael Jenkins has been universally acknowledged as the leading citizen of Baltimore. Walking in the footsteps of his honored father, the public and official life of Michael Jenkins was marked by a high sense of justice and commercial honor and integrity. If any business came before him in which he was concerned, he would never consider what was beneficial to his own interests, but he would ask what were the principles of justice involved. A gentleman was once asked who

sufferers from the war. This week an acknowledgment came from Rome, in which the Pope sent his blessing to the benefactor. A few hours before his death I mailed him the letter which never fell into his hands. Mr. Jenkins regarded himself as not the absolute owner but the steward of the wealth which Providence had placed in his hands, he felt the force of the axiom that our greatest earthly happiness is found in bringing happiness to others.

His domestic life was most attractive and edifying. He was very much attached to all the members of his family and particularly to his surviving sister, to whom we offer our profound sympathy.

His love for his deceased wife was most tender and unremitting. He used to say that she always appeared before him in a triple character. She was his wife, his sweetheart and his companion. Their whole married life was a continuous honeymoon. When she died a few years ago, I happened to be in New Orleans and I hastened home to be in time for her funeral. I am persuaded that her demise brought a shock to him from which he never rallied. So deep was his affection for her that he could never be persuaded to re-enter the city house in which she died, or the country residence where they spent the summer.

Almost every day of his life, he visited her tomb in the Jenkins Memorial Church, erected by the

munificence of his family, where his remains will also repose—and he laid there a fresh wreath of fragrant flowers, and there also the incense of his prayers in her behalf ascended to the throne of the Almighty.

The death of Mr. Jenkins is a personal loss to myself which cannot be fathomed. His departure has left a void in my heart which time cannot fill. It is only the vital and consoling influence of religion that can reconcile me to my bereavement. He was my constant friend and benefactor. He even anticipated my wishes in lightening my burden.

On the death of the Emperor Theodosius, St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, preached his funeral sermon, where the following touching words are found: "Give perfect rest to Thy servant Theodosius, that rest which thou hast prepared for Thy Saints. May his Soul return to Thee whence it descended, where it cannot feel the sting of death. I loved him, and therefore will I follow him even unto the land of the living. Nor will I leave him until by prayers and tears he shall be led unto the holy mountain of the Lord, where is life undying, where corruption is not, nor sighing nor mourning."

O beloved and cherished Friend, Thou wast a prince among merchants. Thou wast an uncrowned emperor among God's noblemen. I loved thee as dearly as Ambrose loved Theodosius, and like that

WHAT IS A SAINT?
PREACHED IN BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL, NOVEMBER 5, 1899.

Apocalypse vii, 1-17.

I BELIEVE that a great many well-disposed Christians shrink from aspiring to holiness because they do not grasp the idea as to the essential conditions of sanctity.

I will tell you this morning, first, what a saint is not, and then what constitutes a saint.

There are some who imagine that a saint is one of whom we read in ancient history and who belongs to an almost extinct species, some ante-deluvian who flourished like the giants of former ages, or King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, but whose race is well-nigh run out, and whose place is now rarely found on earth.

Now thank God, the generation of Saints is not extinct. They exist in our day. They are to be found in this city and under our own eyes. They are in every congregation of Baltimore. They sanctify their homes by the integrity of their char-

tells us that even in our penitential acts, we should maintain a cheerful demeanor. "When ye fast," He says, "be not like the hypocrites sad, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear to men to fast. But thou, when thou fastest, annoint thy head, and wash thy face, that thou appear not to men to fast but to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."

The Saints are conspicuous for habitual cheerfulness, because they have an upright conscience, and cheerfulness is the fruition of a good conscience, or of a soul at peace with God and men.

Look at the youth and maiden who have preserved their baptismal innocence. The joy and candor that beam on their countenances, are the outward expression of God's interior sunshine irradiating their souls.

What then is a Saint? A Saint is one who keeps the commandments of God and the precepts of the Church, and discharges with fidelity the duties of his state of life.

Another characteristic of a Saint is that he bears with Christian fortitude and patience the trials of life, whether imposed on him by the inscrutable visitations of Providence, or inflicted by the malice of man, or resulting from the infirmities of his nature. Should he be so unfortunate as to stumble and fall in the spiritual combat (for even the

Saints on earth are not exempt from human frailty), he will promptly rise again, and will cleanse himself from the moral stains he has contracted, and will renew the conflict with redoubled energy.

Now it is in the power of every Christian, aided by Divine Grace, to observe the ordinances of God and of the Church; to comply with the obligations incident to his situation in the world; to carry with resignation the cross laid upon him by his Heavenly Father, and to wage an incessant warfare against his passions and vicious inclinations.

St. Bernard, after embracing the monastic state, was accustomed to stimulate his fervor by asking himself this question: "Bernard, why camest thou hither?"

We should also ask ourselves this first question of the Catechism: "Why wert thou created? Why art thou in this world? What is thy mission in life? And the answer is, God created me that I might know Him and love Him, and serve Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next. In other words, God created me that I might sanctify myself; for, if I know God, and love and serve Him, I will be a saint indeed. "This is eternal life," says our Saviour, "that we know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent." "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom," says Jeremiah, "and let

not the strong man glory in his strength, and let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me."

Let me suppose that you have succeeded in amassing wealth, till you have become as rich as Crœsus of old, or as Rockefeller of our day. Let all your affairs prosper. Let every enterprise you engage in, become a mine of gold. Let me suppose that you attain the highest honors which this world can bestow; that you are more feared than Alexander; more honored than Cæsar; more admired than Washington.

Let me suppose that you revel in pleasures and delights; that your life is one continuous round of sunshine without a single cloud to darken the horizon; that your pathway is strewn with flowers: Yet if you fail in the one thing necessary of attaining a life of godliness, you have missed your vocation; you have frustrated the end for which God had created you, and you are in His sight, "poor and miserable and blind and naked." You would be like a splendid vessel which sailed on the ocean with prosperous winds till on approaching the harbor, it foundered, and its precious cargo was sunk in the depth of the sea. Alas! what will it profit us to have steered our course majestically and with flying colors through the ocean of life, if we bring to the harbor of eternity nothing but

a soul shipwrecked by sin. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Let me suppose on the other hand, that you are what the world calls ill-starred and unfortunate, that all your commercial or professional enterprises resulted in lamentable failures. Let me admit that while others are crowned with honor, you are treated with indifference or covered with confusion and contempt. Let me admit that you rarely, if ever, taste the cup of pleasure, that your domestic life is blighted with sickness or death. In a word, that you are a genuine disciple of Job; and yet, if you fulfil the sublime destiny for which you were created, by pursuing a life of "holiness without which no man can see the Lord," you are in the sight of God, and in the light of faith, a successful and happy man.

Why did Jesus Christ descend from heaven to earth? Why did He clothe Himself with our humanity and our infirmities? "For us men," says the Nicene Creed, "and for our salvation, He descended from heaven and became man." Why did He establish His Church which is ramified throughout the globe? Why are bishops consecrated, priests ordained and missionaries sent to the most remote regions of the earth? Why are temples of worship erected? Why is the adorable Sacrifice

of the Altar offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun? Why are the sacraments administered, and why are you here today? All these works are undertaken expressly for your sanctification. Hear the Apostle: "God," he says, "gave some indeed Apostles, and some Prophets and some Evangelists, and others pastors and teachers, for the *perfecting* of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the Body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, to a perfect man, to the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ."

No matter what may be the social distinctions existing between you, all of you whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, possess in common, the one glorious title of *Christian.* That is a name you would not exchange for all the high-sounding titles of kings and emperors. You glory in that appellation and are justly proud of it.

But the title of Christian is not an empty sound, but is full of solemn significance. It has annexed to it corresponding obligations. For, what is a Christian? A Christian, as the very name implies, is a disciple or follower of Christ. A Christian is one who keeps before his mental vision, his Divine Saviour that he may endeavor to reproduce in himself the virtues of his heavenly Model. A Christian is one who walks in the footprints of his

blessed Redeemer. In a word, a Christian is another Christ.

Would it not be a gross inconsistency, and a contradiction in terms to have nothing in common with our Master except the name? Every disciple aims at imitating his teacher or master. Even the Mohammedan boasts of being faithful to the principles of the false prophet. The Hebrew glories in observing the precepts of Moses; and it should be our constant endeavor to fulfil the maxims of our Lawgiver, Jesus Christ.

This is also the meaning which St. Paul attaches to the name of Christian. In his letters to the faithful of his time, he commonly calls them by the name of saints, indicating that he regarded Christians and saints as synonomous terms.

But perhaps you will say to me: If I pursue a life of christian righteousness, I am liable to be left behind in the race for temporal prosperity. I will be handicapped by the very virtues which I practise, because I must carry them with me in my public as well as in my private life. I am bound to be truthful and honest in my dealings with others. I can take no undue advantage of my neighbor. My conscience will be always on guard at the door of my heart, warning me not to lay hands on ill-gotten wealth.

My neighbor, on the contrary, has thrown christian principles to the winds. He is a de-

ceiver and a trickster. He is dishonest in his dealings. He has no scruples about over-reaching his business competitors. The only god he worships is Mammon. The only gospel he swears by is the gospel of self. His aim in life is to make money by fair means or foul! He cares not which. He stoops to methods in his medical or legal or commercial relations which I spurn and abhor. He is sure therefore to get the upper hand of me and to outrun me in the race for financial success: "For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Let me grant all this for the sake of argument. What then? Are you not vastly the gainer in the long run? Put into one scale your neighbor's cunning and duplicity, his fraud and injustice, his wealth and pleasure, his bad conscience with his despair of future reward." "For, amen, I say to you, he has already received his reward." Like Esau he has sold his heavenly birth-right for a mass of earthly pottage.

Put into the other scale your truth and honesty, your sense of justice and honor with its temporal drawbacks. Put into it your unsullied conscience, your cheerful spirits and your hope of eternal recompense.

Is not your condition infinitely better than his? Hear the words of St. Paul. The Apostle enumerates the prerogatives and advantages he had

enjoyed as a Jew before his conversion to Christianity. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, of the tribe of Benjamin. He was a conspicuous figure in the ranks of the Jewish hierarchy. But he considered all these gains as nothing compared with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Nay every other privilege, such as wealth and station, power and honor, learning and eloquence, all these he regarded as dross in comparison with the inexhaustible treasures he found in christian holiness.

And this is also the judgment of the Holy Ghost speaking in the Book of Wisdom: "I called upon God and the Spirit of wisdom (or sanctity) came upon me. And I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones, and esteemed riches as nothing in comparison of her: for, all gold in comparison of her is a little sand, and silver in respect to her, is counted as clay."

But I emphatically deny that the pursuit of righteousness is a bar or hindrance to temporal prosperity. Without searching for examples elsewhere, cast your eyes about you in this city, and you will find a host of men who have been eminently successful in every department of professional and commercial life, without stooping to base or ignoble methods. And while they have acquired fortunes, they enjoy the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens; they preserve a

pure and upright conscience, and are comforted by the blessed hope of eternal life.

In confirmation of this sense, we may use the words of the Apostle who says that "piety is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." And our Lord Himself seems to verify what I have said, in these words: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."

On this day when we are commemorating the Festival of All Saints, cast your eyes in spirit heavenward, and contemplate that "cloud of witnesses over your head," inviting you to follow their footsteps, and share in their reward. You will see there men and women of every rank and condition of life who have preserved their garments undefiled, who "have fought the good fight, have finished their course and kept the faith."

"I saw," says St. John, "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. . . . And they cried with a loud voice: saying, salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. . . . They shall no more hunger nor thirst, neither shall the sun fall upon them, nor any heat. For the Lamb that is in the midst of

the throne, shall rule them, and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"And the city hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof." (Apoc. vii, xxi.)

"No sun, no moon in borrowed light
Revolves thine hours away:
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,
Is thine eternal day."

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC JOYS OF HEAVEN

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC JOYS OF HEAVEN.

"In My Father's house there are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv, 2-3.

I.

THE future abode of the Saints is very frequently called in Holy Scripture the *Kingdom* of Heaven: "I say unto you that many shall come from the East and from the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." "I dispose to you as My Father hath disposed to Me, a kingdom, that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and may sit upon thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." "Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom." The name of kingdom is given to the habitation of the blessed, because they shall all reign under the supreme dominion of the King of kings. They shall all be governed by the same holy and equitable laws, and above all, because they shall dwell together in that happy and social intercourse such as we can conceive of the people of a king-

dom enjoying the blessings of the most perfect social and domestic tranquility.

But the idea of a kingdom is not sufficient to represent to us the intimate relations that will subsist among the Saints in heaven. For many subjects of the same kingdom spend their whole lives without ever becoming acquainted with one another.

The habitation of the elect is therefore depicted to us in the second place as the *City of God.* "I saw, says St. John, "the Holy City, the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." This emblem marks more forcibly the close fellowship subsisting between the Saints; for, the citizens of the same city meet one another more frequently than the inhabitants of the same kingdom.

But even the term city fails to give an adequate idea of the familiar intercourse and loving friendship which will bind the blessed together, for many persons may dwell even in the same city without enjoying social intercourse with each other.

In order then to give us the best possible notion of the intimate relations of the Saints, the third name that is given to their future dwelling place is the *House of God.* "In my Father's house," says our Lord, "there are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you." "We know," says St. Paul, "if our earthly *house* of this habitation be dissolved that we have a building of God,

a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven." The whole court of Heaven is represented as one family. God Himself is the Father of the household; the guests are His children reclining together in domestic concord at the divine banquet, "inebriated with the plenty of God's house and filled with the torrent of delights."

From this picture of heaven we see at once that the saints will not live in a state of isolation or seclusion; they will not dwell apart, standing like statues on a pedestal; they will not be in a condition of mental abstraction, so absorbed in the contemplation of God as to be unconscious of each other's presence: they will enjoy on the contrary, not only the vision of their Creator, but the happy society also of one another.

When the people were dispersed over the world after the building of the Tower of Babel, they fell into idolatry and were confounded by a variety of languages. But when the nations shall be gathered together in the kingdom of Heaven, and worship the true God, they will communicate in a language intelligible to all. Like the primitive Christians described in the Acts of the Apostles, they will have one heart, one soul, and one tongue.

Man is by nature a social being. God has planted in his breast an irresistible desire to consort and converse with his fellow-man. And as Boethius remarks, our happiness is increased when

we can share it with others. Indeed the most frightful punishment you can inflict on any one is to deprive him of all human fellowship, or to condemn him to solitary confinement.

Now in heaven the essential characteristics of our nature are not destroyed but preserved. Grace will not supplant nature. It will supplement and perfect it. And therefore man will remain in heaven as he is now on earth—a social being.

The possession and enjoyment of God will constitute, it is true, the essential happiness of the elect. But the society of one another will form a subordinate though important element in the beatitude of the saints. The blessed in seeing and admiring one another, will behold and admire God Himself Who "is wonderful in His saints." They will be clothed with His glory. They will reflect His beauty and perfection even as the atoms in the sunbeam reflect the splendor of the sun.

II.

Mutual Recognition.

We are assured by the Scriptures and the writings of Fathers that the blessed will recognize one another in the city of God, no matter how remote from each other may have been the age in which they had lived on earth. This knowledge is im-

parted to them by revelation or by divine illumination. We gather from various passages of Holy Writ that the angels are thoroughly conversant with human affairs: "When thou didst pray with tears," says the Angel Raphæl to Tobias, "and didst bury the dead, I offered thy prayers to the Lord." He could not present those prayers unless he had known Tobias, as well as the purport of his petitions in far off Nineve.

Our Lord says: "There shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." The angels could not rejoice without knowing us and our deeds and even the thoughts of our heart; for repentance is an interior operation of the will.

And St. Paul declares that "we are a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men," meaning that as we are observed by men who surround us, so are we seen by the angels of God. Now our Saviour tells us that the saints shall be like the angels in the life to come, enjoying the same knowledge as well as the same glorious immortality.

And if the blessed can recognize us from afar, how much more manifestly will they know us when we shall be associated with them in heaven! If they can behold us now while we are walking in the dark valley of the shadow of death, how much more distinctly shall they view us, when we stand by them under the effulgent rays of the Sun of Justice!

And we shall know the saints even as they know us: "We see now through a glass darkly," says St. Paul, "but then face to face now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."

From the Parable (or rather I might say the history) of Dives and Lazarus as recorded in the Gospel, we see that Abraham was conversant with the life of Lazarus, though they had lived on earth hundreds of years apart.

Our Lord predicted to the Apostles that they would exercise judicial powers, under Him on the last day: "Ye shall sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." This judicial prerogative they could not use with discretion, unless the conduct of those they will judge will be made manifest to them.

Imagine the delight which the citizens of heaven will experience on contemplating the great men of every age, men truly great because declared to be such, not by the capricious voice of public opinion, but by the infallible verdict of God's word. If persons travel far and wide to get a glimpse of some illustrious personage; if a Queen journeyed from a distant land to behold and converse with Solomon; if tourists visit London and Paris to view the wax figures of eminent persons, how intense will be your delight on beholding the living palpable features of men and women whose names

are inscribed on the imperishable pages of the Book of Life!

You esteem it an honor to be invited to a regal palace, and admitted to the company of the royal family, and the retinue of the court. But the distinction and the pleasure are often more than counterbalanced by the heart-burnings, the wounded feelings, the stings of jealousy which you carry home with you in your breast in consequence of some real or imaginary slight offered by one of the guests. But in the court of heaven, the pleasures of society are never poisoned by such bitter sensations. Charity will never be violated. The greater the dignity of the members of God's household, the more condescending and gracious will be their affection.

A great doctor of the Church observed that there were three objects he would wish to have beheld on earth—the City of Rome in the days of its imperial splendor, Christ walking in the flesh, and Paul preaching to the people of Athens.

What will be your exultation on beholding the City of God of which such "glorious things are said," to contemplate your Creator—the Fountain of all joys—to enjoy the company of our dear Saviour and of His Blessed Mother; to behold the Prophets of Israel with David the Royal Psalmist whose songs have been the delight of the Jewish and Christian Church; to live in the society of the

Apostles! And if the words of Peter, Paul and John even when read now in the cold pages of a book, and at such a distance from the time when they were written—if they give so much consolation to troubled spirits, how ineffable will be the delight of conversing familiarly with them, and of hearing the words of wisdom falling fresh and warm from their inspired lips!

III.

We Will Know Our Own.

But among the citizens of the celestial mansions, the saints will especially recognize those who were bound to them on earth by the ties of flesh and blood. And the particular affection they will have for their kindred and relatives will in no wise violate the law of universal charity, just as Christ's predilection for His Mother, for the Apostles, and the Baptist did not lessen in the slightest degree His love for the host of heaven. Charity in the future blessed life, as in the present life, will have its graduating scale.

Death shall not erase from your minds the memory of those with whom you were associated here, and who shared in your joys and sorrows on earth.

For what is death? It is the separation of the soul from the body. The body is dissolved. But

the soul does not cease "to live and move and have its being." It continues to think, to love and remember. And if all our natural faculties will be brought into play in the heavenly kingdom, if our intelligence and memory will be marvellously quickened and expanded, how is it possible that the endearing power of joyful recognition should be lost? The fabled river of Lethe invented by Pagan poets, was supposed to drown the memory. But the waters of life revealed to us by inspired writers, of which the elect will drink, shall refresh and preserve in perpetual vigor all the faculties of the soul.

I ask you, Christian matron, if your fond husband had left you to cross the seas, and after several years' absence, had returned home, how eagerly and joyfully you would know and embrace him. But if he crossed the sea of life, entered the shores of eternity, and after his death, you put on the robes of mourning like the virtuous Judith, and daily prayed for his soul; if after the lapse of many years you followed him to the kingdom of heaven, would you not distinguish him at once from among a thousand men more readily than Penelope recognized her spouse Ulysses from a number of suitors, though he returned to her disguised in the tattered garb of a pilgrim after an absence of twenty years?

If the Patriarch Isaac, though his sight was dim

with years, and his life was ebbing away, if he could distinguish the voice of his beloved son, Jacob, did he not know his son again when they met in Abraham's bosom?

And can you think that Jacob did not recognize his son Joseph when, after death, they met again in the land of the living? You know how Jacob lost his favorite boy; how he was carried into Egypt and sold as a slave; how his father mourned him as dead; how they met again, and how Joseph seeing his father, "fell upon his neck and embracing him, wept." Oh! if such was the joy at a temporary meeting of sire and son in a strange land, what was their delight at their eternal reunion in their Father's house!

Can you believe that the mother of the Machabees did not discern in heaven her seven sons whom she preferred to see slain before her face rather than renounce the religion of their fathers? Will God deny this heroic woman and her children mutual recognition after so sublime a sacrifice?

Lazarus did not fail to know his beloved sisters and his divine Friend Jesus after rising from the tomb where he had lain for four days. And how could his second death blot them from his memory? How tender was the love of those sisters for their brother! They showed it by the tears they shed at his tomb. They showed it by the sorrow they expressed that the Master was not present during

God with those who were the guardians of His childhood, and that the bond of union which was consecrated at the altar of a Christian temple here below, will be perpetuated in the temple above not made with hands.

I appeal then to you, faithful members of the Christian family, you who have been bound together by the sacred ties of Christian charity, how sweet and tranquil will be your domestic joys when you are translated from your earthly to your heavenly habitation.

Then you will enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God, without the danger of the sin of license.

Then will there be love without dissimulation, concord without strife.

Then will there be mutual admiration of your respective gifts and charms, without exciting envy, because you will clearly perceive that each one's special graces and attractions will be a radiation of God's infinite perfections, as the beauty of the lily reflects the splendor of the sun.

You will then have familiar intercourse with those abroad, without exciting jealousy with those at home.

You will rejoice with those that rejoice without weeping with those that weep, for grief has no place in the mansions of the blessed.

You will exult in the consciousness of an eternal union without the fear of separation. Then will you say with all the confidence of the Apostle: "Neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God," and of each other.

But you will ask me, may not the peace of the family in the City of God be marred by the recollection of the occasional animosities, bickerings and outbreaks of temper that clouded the domestic horizon in the days of your earthly pilgrimage? May not these memories rise up in judgment against you?

Far from it. The memory of those estrangements will serve rather to augment your joys, because you will be conscious that these moral wounds have been healed by the blood of the Lamb, never to return. You will have the assurance of being confirmed in grace. You will remember those human frailties with immeasurably more relief than a patient who had suffered from many physical distempers when he rejoices in his complete restoration to health.

Some years ago a lady of my acquaintance was grievously afflicted by the death of an only daughter who was carried off in the prime of life. She

had none of the consolations which you happily enjoy when the angel of death visits your family. She had no knowledge of the communion of saints. She thought that death created a chasm which severed all spiritual relations between herself and her daughter. She casually learned of the teachings of the Church on this subject. It was to her a joyous revelation. She became a fervent Catholic and her daily comfort was to commune with her beloved one and offer fervent prayers for her soul.

If you hope, my Brethren, to enjoy the society of your dear kindred in heaven, prepare at once for that happy reunion. Think often of the glory of the City of God, and the contemplation of it will inflame your ambition to inherit it. "Live soberly and justly and piously in this world, looking for the blessed hope and the coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Pray daily and earnestly for all for whom Christ died, especially for your relations, "whether this present world still detains them in the flesh, or the world to come hath already received them, stripped of their mortal bodies, "that He may raise them to the life of grace here and of glory hereafter, and that you may live in the blessed hope of enjoying their company not for a few fleeting years, but for all eternity.

V.

Meeting of Friends.

Then consider the delights of friendship in the coming life. Most of you have experienced the pleasures of earthly attachments, and there are few joys so delightful, so solid or so lasting as the joys of pure and holy fellowship. The pleasures of the senses bring satiety and even disgust when they are grossly indulged in.

The pleasures of true friendship are increased and nourished by the companionship of a friend. History affords us many examples of pure intimacies of this kind. Such was the friendship of Jonathan for David that in the expressive words of Scripture, "the soul of Jonathan was knit in the soul of David and Jonathan loved David as his own soul."

Beloved Brethren, let your friendships ever rest on the solid foundation of truth, honor, disinterestedness and religion, and then they will be lasting.

O blessed friendship inspired by virtue which begins with time and endures unto eternity which having its roots on earth, blooms in heaven! O blessed friendship whose fruit ripens with the eternal years and never decays, which is proof

against temptation and adversity, and is stronger than death.

Let your imagination picture to itself the delight of these heavenly associations. If Jonathan and David had so much pleasure in these secret and stolen interviews when they tried to escape the vigilance of the jealous king Saul, how ineffable will be the delight of friends in heaven whose fellowship will meet with the approving smile of the great King, and who will have no fear of being ever separated by estrangement or death.

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